

## Harry Potter and the Amulet of Time

### **Draco Malfoy's Two Months in Muggle Land**

#### Prologue – What the....?

Draco Malfoy fell to the floor with a yelp of pain. Portkey letter still in his hand, he stood slowly and looked around the odd room he had appeared in. From what he could tell from his limited knowledge on the subject, it appeared to be a kitchen of some sort. Although Draco, having a manor full of house elves, had never before been in a kitchen in his life, the table and chairs in the middle of the room, coupled with the various pots and pans scattered around, allowed him to determine the purpose of the room. He hesitantly started to walk around the alien environment, taking in the polished work surfaces, frilly yellow checked curtains with matching table cloth, and the various knick knacks scattered around the windowsills and shelves. Looking closer, he saw what he thought was a small clock, which let off a shrill noise when he twisted it and let it count down. He quickly dropped the egg timer back on the shelf and moved further around the room. Some things were familiar, such as ornamental teapots and framed photographs of smiling people. Draco did a double take when he spotted the latter, lifting one carefully off the windowsill and holding it up to his face. Shaking it a little, a slight frown creased his forehead when the people didn't move.

“ Must be Muggle,” he muttered to himself as he put the item back where it belonged.

After a few more minutes of exploring the curious items on display, Draco moved on to the assorted appliances scattered around the kitchen. The refrigerator fascinated him, and he kept opening and closing the door to feel the cool air waft over his face. Eventually tiring of the game, he moved to explore the microwave, toaster and kettle. It was with his head in the oven that the owner of the house found the boy in her kitchen. Jumping slightly as she walked through the door to be faced with a wiggling posterior, she let out a light scream, alerting the boy to her presence. Draco started in surprise, banging his head on the top of the oven and letting out a yowl of

pain. Clutching his head in his hands, he dropped to the linoleum floor and waited for the room to stop spinning. When it did, he looked up at the woman in the doorway.

“ Who are you?” he asked bluntly.

“ What do you mean, who am *I*?” the woman said, a scowl appearing once she recovered from the shock, “ This is *my* kitchen. Who are *you*?”

“ *I* am Draco Malfoy, and I think you should be showing me a little more respect, Muggle.”

“ Who are you calling a Muggle,” she said angrily, “ I happen to be a witch, and you should remember that not everyone bows down to the likes of the Malfoys.”

“ You must be a Mudblood if you think you can talk to me like that!” he said hotly. He didn’t realise just how angry the woman was becoming.

“ Well, *Malfoy*, if you think I will show you any respect when you show none to me, then you are sadly mistaken. Respect must be earned, not bought through wealth and connections, good or bad,” she said, a meaningful look on her face.

“ You can prove nothing of my family’s connections,” Draco said in a superior tone.

“ Really,” she smirked, “ Then the fact that I have seen Lucius Malfoy bow down to that worthless wretch Voldemort with my own eyes counts for nothing?”

“ You couldn’t know that,” Draco said, paling a little, “ You would have to be a Death Eater to get into the Dark Lord’s presence long enough to identify one of his servants.”

“ What makes you think I’m not?”

“ Well...I would have heard of you, of course.”

“ You may have. You still don’t know my name.”

The blond stared at her blankly for a minute before reluctantly holding out his hand.

“ Draco Malfoy, pleased to make your acquaintance.”

The woman smiled slightly and took the hand, shaking it slightly. *There’s hope for the young Malfoy heir yet*, she thought.

“ Heather Evans, at your service.”

## Week One – Canterbury Tales

Draco woke up as the sunlight streamed through the pale blue curtains and landed softly on his eyelids. Opening his eyes carefully, he squinted and looked around the room cautiously. It was quite large and airy, decorated in pale blues and yellows. A desk stood opposite the bed, and had a pile of what Draco assumed was Muggle writing equipment on it, and a strange contraption with a rectangular shiny surface, and a flat panel covered in lettered buttons. The boy wasn't quite sure what it did, but Heather had called it a 'laptop', whatever that was. Sitting up, Draco eyed the wardrobe and hoped he could find something in it to wear. He didn't feel like wearing yesterday's clothes. Thoughts of his clothes left the young Slytherin contemplating everything that had happened the day before...

### **\*\*FLASHBACK\*\***

"Draco Malfoy, pleased to make your acquaintance."

The woman smiled slightly and took the hand, shaking it slightly. *There's hope for the young Malfoy heir yet*, she thought.

"Heather Evans, at your service."

Draco stared at the woman in astonishment, shaking his head slightly in denial.

"You can't be!"

"You've heard of me, then?" Heather responded with a smirk. Draco nodded his head slowly.

"You can't be Heather Evans. Heather Evans is dead!"

"Are you sure?"

"Yes!"

"How do you know?"

"My father told me."

“ Can he prove it?”

Draco looked at the young woman in front of him, a frown appearing on his face. He thought hard for a few moments before reluctantly shaking his head.

“ I can’t think of a way to prove it. From what my father’s told me, though, you were an Order of the Phoenix member who was put under Imperius by the Dark Lord. You were supposed to have been killed at a battle in 1976.”

“ I was supposed to have been, but I wasn’t. My nephew saved me.”

“ Your nephew?”

“ Yes.”

“ But...You were the sister of Lily Evans, which would make your nephew...”

“ Harry Potter.”

“ Potter!” Draco spat, “ That bastard has ruined my life! I challenged him to a duel, and he sent a spell at me in parseltongue, and now I’ve ended up a Muggle! Then what does he do? He sends me to his aunt! When I get back, I’ll...”

“ Hey! Stop that. That’s my *nephew* you’re insulting. Now that we’ve established who *I* am and who *you* are, would you mind telling me *why* you’re *here*?”

In response, Draco sneered at Heather and handed her the letter he had still been clutching. Taking it from him, she unfolded the parchment and started to read aloud.

“ Dear Aunt Heather. Thank you for the letter, it was wonderful to hear from you and I promise to visit you soon. I have a small favour to ask of you, I hope you don’t mind. I have sent a fifth year Slytherin student, Draco Malfoy, to your house, using this letter as a portkey. As a result of a duel he had with me, he has lost the use of his magic for a full two months. I ask that you let him stay with you

for the duration of his incapacitation, as it would be unsuitable for him to stay at Hogwarts. Show him a little of the Muggle world he hates so much, and see if the loss of his magic makes him appreciate Muggles any more than he does now. Normally I wouldn't ask anyone for such a favour, especially having to put up with a Malfoy for two months, but I feel it is the best option available. If this arrangement is inconvenient, please send him back to me via portkey and I will send him to Aunt Petunia. Hope to see you soon, love Harry."

"Two months! Two *months*!" the Slytherin exploded after Heather finished reading out the letter, "And who's this Petunia person? I don't like being shunted from one person to the other! Why can't I stay at Hogwarts? Or go back to Malfoy Manor?"

"Shut up," Heather snapped irritably, "Let me think. Petunia is my Muggle sister, the one Harry grew up with. She and her husband hate everything to do with magic, seeing witches and wizards as freaks. You can't stay at Hogwarts, because of the anti-Muggle charms. You also can't go to Malfoy Manor."

"Why not?" Draco said, petulantly.

"Do you know what happened to your great grandfather Tiberius Malfoy?"

Draco nodded his head, and as comprehension began to dawn his eyes widened in horror.

"He lost his magic, and was cast out of the Malfoy family forever."

"Exactly. If you tell your father you've lost your magic, even temporarily, he will disown you. Then what would you do?"

The blond sat down heavily in a kitchen chair, a look of defeat on his face. His mask of indifference had slipped at some point during the conversation when he had begun to realise the predicament he was in. Now that all the cards had been laid on the table, and as he realised he was stuck in the Muggle world for the next two months, the young aristocrat was starting to despair. Heather saw the rare glimpse of emotions, knowing that Malfoys were known for their self

control. She softened instantly, realising that for all his posturing and ego, Draco was still just a fifteen year old boy who had been thrown into a situation totally alien to him. Sitting in the chair next to him, Heather placed her arm comfortingly around his shoulders and gave him a squeeze. Once he had composed himself, she stood and headed for the door, looking back over her shoulder at him and smiling.

“ Well, come on. I have to show you where you will be staying.”

“ You’re letting me stay?” he asked incredulously.

“ Of course! You don’t think I’d subject you to Petunia do you?”

“ I...Thank you, Miss Evans.”

“ You’re welcome Draco. And call me Heather.”

With that, she turned and left the room, the young Slytherin following behind her.

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The rest of the day was spent exploring Heather’s house. Despite his contempt for Muggles, the many contraptions he found in the small cottage fascinated the boy. The fridge was one of the things that Draco found amazing. The fact that Muggles had come up with a method of preserving their food without a cooling charm had shocked the boy. He had always thought of Muggles as primitive and helpless, having never really been in their world before. After exploring the kitchen, Draco had moved into the living room, where he was awed by the gas fire and the television. The latter had almost scared him to death when Heather sat down in her favourite chair and switched it on. The idea of seeing the news with pictures rather than hearing it on the Wizing Wireless was a novelty, and Draco was soon engrossed in the afternoon cartoons on BBC2. He couldn’t wrap his mind around the fact that Muggles could make drawings move to tell a story. The fact that cartoons were aimed at younger children didn’t bother the boy.

In the evening, Draco got his biggest shock yet. Light bulbs.

“ What the...” Draco exclaimed what it started to turn gloomy and Heather switched on the light.

“ It’s just a light, Draco,” Heather said.

“ But...where did it come from?”

“ The light bulb. Up there,” she said, pointing at the ceiling. The boy stared at the lampshade and gasped.

“ Amazing! How does it work?”

Heather let out a light laugh, a small smile on her face.

“ Electricity. It’s the power that Muggles use, sort of like a controlled form of magic generated by machines. It’s what most of the things in the house run off, including the fridge. You may think Muggles are helpless without magic, but that fact that they don’t have it means that they have learned to adapt their lives to live comfortably without it.”

“ So, how does the light come out of the...light bulb?”

“ Well, it has something to do with electricity and filaments, but I don’t know exactly. I’ll take you to the library later in the week and you can look it up if you want.”

“ Muggles have libraries?”

“ Of course!”

Draco played with the light switch for a while, fascinated with how a single switch could make the room light up instantly. And it never burned out like a candle did, and didn’t dim after time like a lumos spell. In fact, it was far more efficient than the wizarding method.

Later that evening, Heather called for a takeaway, letting Draco taste his first ever pizza. At first he had been a little skeptical about eating Muggle food in case it was poisonous, but he soon got over it when he saw Heather taking big bites out of the pepperoni slice. Tentatively trying a forkful, he closed his eyes and moaned in pleasure as he tasted the melted cheese and tomato. Heather sent



him a worried look before the boy opened his eyes and smiled slightly at her.

“ Not bad for Muggles.”

“ I’m glad you like it. Not everything Muggle is bad.”

Draco didn’t respond, instead taking another bite of the pizza. Once the meal was finished and Heather had placed the dishes in the dishwasher, the pair sat down in front of the TV and watched Coronation Street. Eventually, during the adverts, Draco turned to his host and asked her something that had been bothering him.

“ What’s going to happen to me? For the next two months I mean.”

“ Well, if you want to stay here, I don’t mind. I have the space, and to be honest I’m glad of the company. I don’t have many friends, as there’s always the danger of someone from the wizarding world finding out that I’m still alive. If, when you get back to Hogwarts, you take the information to Voldemort, there’s nothing I will do to stop you. But for now, I’d like us to get on as best we can. We’ve already established that you can’t stay in the wizarding world, and I doubt Petunia would be able to abate your hatred for Muggles any, so for now I think this is the safest place for you. Obviously, if you want to leave, I won’t stand in your way.”

“ I have little choice, then. I’ll stay here. What will I do, though? I have two months here and nothing to do. I can’t study magic if I can’t practice the spells, and I can’t read up on topics that don’t need magic, because all of my books are at Hogwarts.”

“ I’ll see what I can do about getting your things. For the meantime, though, I think a trip to Canterbury would be appropriate.”

“ Why Canterbury?”

“ It’s the nearest city. Ten minutes in the car. We’ll go tomorrow, and I’ll show you around and we can get you some things for while you are here.”

“ I...thank you.”

“ You’re welcome, Draco.”

**\*\*END FLASHBACK\*\***

Draco stood up and made his way over to the wardrobe and pulled it open. He was dismayed to find nothing but empty hangars and shelves. Sighing in frustration, he headed for a shower, taking with him the towels he had found on his bed the night before. When he had finished, he headed downstairs with the towel wrapped around his waist and went in search of Heather. He found her on the kitchen, cooking breakfast.

“ Um...Heather,” he said, grabbing her attention.

“ What is it, Draco?”

“ What am I supposed to wear?”

Heather pointed to the kitchen table, which had a pile of laundered and neatly folded clothes on it. Picking them up, Draco headed back upstairs to get ready. Twenty minutes later he was sitting opposite Heather eating a pile of hot buttered crumpets.

“ How are we getting to Canterbury,” he asked as he finished off his tea. Heather set down the crumpet she was buttering and looked him in the eyes.

“ We’ll be going in the car. I don’t think you’re quite ready to try the bus yet.”

“ What’s a car?” Draco asked in confusion.

“ A car is a form of Muggle transportation. You’ll see it after breakfast.”

The blond nodded his head and worked at finishing off his crumpets. Once he was done, he made his way upstairs to get ready for the trip out. Once he was back downstairs, he pulled his cloak on and the pair headed outside. Draco hadn’t seen the outside of the

cottage yet, and he was awed by the garden full of multicoloured flowers. He wandered off immediately, investigating the pond area and herb garden, which was full of useful potions ingredients. Even though Heather lived as a Muggle, it was obvious she still kept some connections to her past. After a few moments, Draco heard his host clearing her throat, and he turned to follow her to the garage, where he assumed the car was kept. As Heather opened the door, he stared in confusion at the contraption inside.

“ What is *that*?”

“ It’s a car.”

“ But it’s so...small!”

“ It’s called a Mini. They’re supposed to be small. Most Muggles have larger cars, but I don’t normally need one. This size is enough for my needs.”

Going around to one side, Heather pulled open a door and held it for Draco. The blond looked at it skeptically before moving towards it.

“ Get in then,” she said.

Draco did as asked, sitting in the small, uncomfortable seat. Heather got in the other side and pulled on her seatbelt. Draco stared at her in confusion until she explained what they were for. The wizard looked a little afraid at the idea of having an accident in a Muggle contraption, and it took the pair a good five minutes to get his seatbelt done up properly.

As Heather put the car in gear and pulled out of the garage, Draco let out a small scream. When he got used to the motions of the car, though, he started to enjoy himself.

“ It’s not as fun as flying, or as quick as apparating, but it’s not bad,” he commented as they pulled into the car park in Canterbury.

“ See? Muggles solve problems differently than wizards, but no less effectively. I mean, have you ever heard of an aeroplane?”

“ No, what’s that?” Draco asked as the pair got out of the car and Heather grabbed a small ticket from a machine.

“ It’s a Muggle flying machine. You may have seen one in the sky and never known what it was. They are hundreds of times bigger than brooms, and have seats for Muggles to sit in. They aren’t as maneuverable as brooms are, but they carry a lot more people, are more comfortable, and take you long distances in a short amount of time.”

Draco was fascinated by this idea. He had never before considered the possibility that Muggles could fly.

“ But how do they get then to fly without the use of magic?”

“ As I say, they don’t have the use of magic, so they find a way around it. It’s all based on physics. You can look up some physics books in the library when I take you on Friday.”

“ I’ll look forward to that.”

By this time, the pair had made their way to the shops, and Draco noticed something immediately.

“ These are Muggle shops.”

“ Of course they are,” Heather said, patiently, “ Canterbury’s wizarding district is one of the oldest, but also one of the smallest in the country. We would have to go to Diagon Alley if you wanted to get all wizarding things, and that’s a risk I’m not prepared to take. I come here, because the local wizards are friendly and discreet. The few that did recognise me know how to keep their mouths shut. I sometimes venture into Hogsmeade, if I absolutely have to, but always under a disguise. Diagon Alley’s a bit too public, even if I *am* disguised. I mean, if someone is seen walking in wizarding London with the Malfoy heir during term time, questions are going to be asked, and your father would find out. That would be bad for both of us.”

“ I can see that, Heather, but this place is full of filthy Muggles!”

“ *Draco!*” she said in a warning tone.

“ No, I mean it. I may have seen that some Muggle creations are rather effective,” Heather snorted at this, thinking of the light bulb incident. Draco continued, though, his tone becoming defensive.

“ I may now admit that Muggles aren’t as weak as wizards think, but that doesn’t mean I am prepared to spend too much time in their company. I mean, they’re Muggles!”

“ So were my parents, Draco, and that were good people. Strength *doesn’t* matter. The use of magic *doesn’t* matter. What *matters*, is if you know the difference between right and wrong, love and hate, prejudice and acceptance. Draco, Muggles are the same as us. They are the same species, as we are all human beings. They have the same drives and emotions; they just go about things differently.”

As she was saying this, Heather had quietly been leading the pair into a quiet alley, where their conversation wouldn’t be overheard. As a precaution, she threw up a quick privacy spell with her concealed wand. Draco, I full rant, didn’t notice.

“ Tell me *how*, then. If we are so alike, *show* me the similarities and differences. *Show* me ways in which Muggles resist when wizards attack them. They can’t! Because we have the power. We have the gift that they don’t, and we should use it to show them who is greater.”

“ Draco, just listen to yourself for a minute. You want examples? *Fine!* Think about it like this. Wizards have families, who they love and care for. Muggles are the same. Wizards have homes, which they maintain and are proud of. Muggles are the same. Wizards find jobs, to earn money to feed and clothe their families. Muggles do the same thing. Wizards have aristocrats, who are spoiled and think they own the world. Muggles do too. Some wizards kill, whether for sport, or pleasure, or war. Muggles do as well. The only differences are the ways they go about it. A wizard will kill with Avada Kedavra; a Muggle will shoot you with a gun, or stab you with a blade, use biological or chemical weapons, and even blow you up with a bomb. Draco, the end results are the same, it’s just the methods that are different.”

“ If that’s so, then how come the Dark Lord has killed so many Muggles without any of the Death Eaters being killed?” Draco asked, his voice starting to waiver. Heather smiled inwardly as she realised she was starting to get through to him. It would just take her a few days or weeks, and she would show Draco the wonders of the Muggle world.

“ What makes you think that? Have you ever been on a Death Eater raid?”

“ No-o.”

“ Well then, *I* have. I have *seen* Muggles protect their families the same way wizarding victims do. They stand in front of their children to shield them, and try to fight back as best they can. The wizards and witches use wands, the Muggles use whatever they have available. Did your father never tell you that over the years of the Dark Reign in the 1960s and ‘70s, fourteen Death Eaters were killed by Muggles.”

“ That’s impossible!” Draco yelled.

“ Is it? I’ve seen two myself. One was killed while raping a Muggle woman on the kitchen cabinets. She managed to reach over and grab a carving knife. She stabbed him in the back. Literally. He was dead in an instant. The other I saw was shot with a gun, right through the head, by a retired RAF officer.”

“ If that’s true, why have I never heard about it?” Draco asked, his voice definitely threatening to break.

“ Do you really think the Death Eaters are proud of the fact that some of their victims were able to turn the tables on them? Do you *really* think they’d broadcast their shortcomings to those they are trying to entice into their ranks. Draco, if you think being a Death Eater is all Muggle torturing and parties, you are gravely mistaken. I know you have fifteen years of your father’s influence, and have grown to hate Muggles, but I’m asking you to spend the next eight weeks with an open mind. You might discover for yourself that we are not so different. Please, just tell me that you’ll try.”

Draco mulled over her words for what seemed like an eternity. The idea that the Death Eaters were not all powerful was a little unsettling to the Malfoy heir, but he knew he could trust her words. After all, she had been there and seen it, even though she was an unwilling participant. It also made him realise that he was currently no more powerful than a Muggle himself. If he faced the Death Eaters now, he wouldn't stand a chance. With that thought, he made up his mind.

“ I'll try.”

Heather gave him a broad grin, and dropped the secrecy spell, leading him out of the alley and into the bustling street.

“ That's good. Now, are you up for some shopping?”

“ I guess.”

“ Good. Let's get cracking then.”

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The rest of the shopping trip went reasonably well after that. The pair headed down the main street and looked in the more modern clothes shops, finding things for Draco that the average Muggle teen would wear. Draco, unsurprisingly, rather enjoyed this part of the day trip, as he got to spend hours posing in front of the full length mirrors and parading up and down in different combinations of clothes. At first, the young Slytherin didn't have any idea of how to combine Muggle clothes, as most purebloods didn't. He wasn't as bad as the wizard at the Quidditch World Cup who had been wandering around in a kilt and a poncho, but he still managed to put together a football shirt and a sarong. Heather stood in the corner of the shops most of the time, giggling to herself like a teenager and shouting out tips for him. Eventually, by one o'clock, Draco had a whole new wardrobe. Despite his misgivings about anything Muggle, Draco had thoroughly enjoyed himself.

After eating in a small café down the road, the pair made a stop at the car to drop off the multitude of bags they had acquired before heading back out to spend some more money. Next, Draco was collecting a variety of knick-knacks he felt he couldn't live without. A

quick trip to Boots took care of his toiletries, but after that he wanted to go in every shop that grabbed his fancy. He spent a good hour in the video shop before eventually leaving clutching three new videos. After a while, though, the pair became exhausted, and started to head back to the car. As they were strapping themselves in, Draco looked at the witch next to him and smiled faintly.

“Heather?”

“Yes Draco?”

“I really enjoyed myself today. Thank you.”

“You’re welcome. Just don’t expect this too often, I don’t think my bank balance could take it!”

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For the next three days, Draco stayed at the small cottage and amused himself. Heather worked three days a week, so she couldn’t take him out anywhere. By Friday, he was getting bored, though. He had watched The Lion King three times, and his other two videos were equally used. He had been for a walk around the small village he was staying in, going to the park and looking through the windows of the shops. As he didn’t have any Muggle money, he didn’t actually go in the shops, as he knew he would undoubtedly find things in there that he wanted and couldn’t have.

Eventually, Friday came, and with it the much anticipated trip to the library. Draco hadn’t slept much last night; he was so excited about it. When he examined the feelings, though, he was quite disturbed by his eagerness to experience new Muggle things. A week ago, when he was still at Hogwarts tormenting Potter, he would never have thought he would be enjoying the Muggle world. Now, though, he had been thrust into it with little choice for eight weeks, and he had to make the most of it. He was coping surprisingly well, considering he was a pureblood with no prior knowledge of anything Muggle.

That thought inevitably led to the reason for his relatively problem free transition from aristocratic pureblood wizard to penniless Muggle teenager. Heather. Heather, Draco thought, was a marvel. She had



taken him into her home, clothed him, fed him, and explained things to him. She was under no obligation to do so, as she wasn't getting anything out of it. Draco also knew she had had bad experiences with his family from her time in the Death Eaters. When she had been a captive, both Caligula and Lucius had been actively supporting the Dark Lord, and she would have inevitably run into them frequently. Her younger sister, Lily, had also suffered insults and attacks from Draco's father while at school. Now, though, she had given him the benefit of the doubt, and helped him even though she knew he was to follow in his father's footsteps after he turned sixteen. When he thought about it, it was the same compassion and kindness that he had hated Potter for for all these years. Now, he appreciated it more than anything else.

Friday morning, Draco was hyperactive all throughout breakfast. He talked constantly about inane subjects, while Heather just looked on in amusement. Eventually, once the dishes were washed and put away, Draco helping by drying them, the pair left the house and started to walk into the village. Draco had been curious as to where the library was, as he had been all over the small village without seeing it once. The mystery was solved, though, when Heather came to stop outside of the local primary school.

"Why are we at a school?" Draco asked her in confusion.

"Because the library is in the school. The village is that small, they didn't see the point in making a separate library, so the whole thing is in one building. That's not a problem, is it?"

"No, it's fine. I've been wondering all week where the library was, and this explains why I never found it."

The pair headed through the iron gates and up the driveway into the school. The library was at the far end, and to get there the two had to pass a multitude of Muggle children. Despite his promise earlier in the week, Draco still turned his nose up at the youngsters running around him. Eventually, they made it to the library, and Draco looked around in interest. It wasn't as big as the Hogwarts school library, but it did have quite a good selection of books.

“ Why don’t you go and have a look around, Draco? If you want to take any out, let me know and I’ll put it on my library card.”

“ Sure,” Draco answered before wandering off to look at the books.

## *Week Two – Of Pastry, Potters and Penseives*

By the start of his second week in the Muggle world, Draco was well acquainted with the local library. After his initial skepticism about what he could learn from Muggle literature, Draco found that the array of books available to him was astounding. The topics covered were varied, and detailed, allowing him to gain a better understanding of the Muggle world in general. Now that he knew where it was, he spent all of his free time in the library. Heather had even managed to get him his own library card, a few waves of her wand providing them with the necessary paperwork needed to get one. During the days, he would sit at a table in a quiet corner, poring over books about electronics, physics and chemistry. In the evenings, he would indulge in books on Muggle metaphysics and philosophy, sometimes even immersing himself in fiction. Draco had quickly discovered an acute fascination for electronics, wanting to know how the Muggles made things work without the use of magic. He soon found that a lot of it made sense, despite his initial ignorance of all things Muggle. He also enjoyed science, finding chemistry close enough to potions that he was quite good at it. He had always enjoyed potions, not having the problems of his Head of House penalising him, like the other Houses did. He knew that a lot of the praise Snape gave him was due to his father's influence, but despite that fact he knew that he was good at the subject. Muggle chemistry was very similar to its magical counterpart. In some ways it was much inferior, not producing some of the outstanding effects produced by most potions. However, its logic, and the different reactions that could be produced from non-magical elements, was impressive.

On the Tuesday of Draco's second week at Heather's house, he discovered something else he was good at. Cooking. When he came home from the library at five o'clock, he opened the front door and was met with the tantalising aroma of freshly baked scones. Curious, he made his way to the kitchen, where he could hear Heather humming a jaunty tune to herself. Pushing the door open a little and looking through the crack, he watched as she pulled a tray of freshly baked goods out of the oven and placed it on the kitchen table. Pulling off her oven gloves, she went back to whisking some eggs. Draco must have made a noise, for she turned around and looked at him, a smile spreading over her face.

“ Draco, you’re home! Come in and whisk this for me, will you? I need to check on the pies.”

Draco pushed the door open fully, blushing slightly at being caught spying, and went over to where she was standing. When she handed him the jug of raw eggs and a whisk, he stared at it blankly. She quickly noticed, and frowned at him slightly.

“ What’s wrong?”

“ What do I do with this?” he said, holding up the whisk.

“ You beat the eggs with it. Have you never used one before?”

“ No. At Malfoy Manor, and at Hogwarts, we have house elves to do the cooking.”

“ You mean you’ve never cooked?!”

“ No. Why would a Malfoy lower himself as far as to do a servant’s work?” he said hotly.

“ Because you never know when you’ll be caught without your elves to do the work for you. Come here, I’ll show you.”

“ But....”

“ No buts! You will learn to cook something, even if it’s just something simple. You never know when it might come in handy. This is supposed to be a learning experience for you, and this is a vital part of Muggle life. They don’t have house elves to do their work, and they don’t have magic to help either.”

“ But when I get my magic back....”

“ You will be able to integrate yourself into Muggle life if the need ever arises in the future.”

With a sigh of defeat, Draco looked at the jug of eggs and picked up the whisk.

“ So, what do I do with this?”

\*~\*~\*

For Draco, there was no looking back. He soon got the hang of the whisking, and when Heather asked him to make the dough for the ginger snaps she was baking, he stuck right in and got on with it. Before he knew it, he was taking over her baking, while she sat back and watched, telling him what to do as he went. By the time he'd finished, he wanted to try something else. They stopped for dinner, Heather pulling out some freshly made pies, and as soon as the washing up was finished, Draco got back to work. By the time it was late enough for him to go to bed, Heather's cupboards were bare of any baking materials, and piles of cookies, scones, pies, pasties and bakewell tarts lined the kitchen work surfaces. Sitting down at the table with a cup of tea and some biscuits each, Heather and Draco looked at the treats in awe.

"You know, I thought Malfoys wouldn't do servant's work."

"Well, you know, I didn't have much of a choice. Someone not a million miles from me now twisted my arm, if I remember correctly," he said, one eyebrow raised and amusement in his eyes.

"You could have refused! And I was going to stop after the ginger snaps. It was your idea to make cookies, tarts and pasties."

"Well, I thought it best to make the best of a bad situation," he said with a smirk.

"Really? I never would have guessed."

"Are you going shopping in the morning?"

"I think I'll have to. I need more flour, salt, sugar and eggs. I think you've used up everything."

"Wouldn't surprise me. What are we going to do with all of these, though?" he asked.

"I'm not sure. We'll just have to cross that bridge when we come to it."

\*~\*~\*

The problem was solved the following morning when Draco went to the library. Boxing the treats up in several large Tupperware containers, he shoved them in one of Heather's old rucksacks and headed for the school. As soon as he got there, he went up to the librarian and gave her his most charming smile.

" Good day, Madame, I have a rather large favour to ask."

The librarian eyed him suspiciously.

" And what would that be, young man?"

" Well, you see, I was doing some baking last night, and got a little carried away. I was wondering if I could give some of the things I made to the children. I know a lot of them don't come into the library very often, and I thought it would be something to entice them. You could give them a free pasty every time they take out a book and another one when they bring it back, if they can prove they have read it. It might encourage them to read more."

The librarian was still suspicious, but took the boxes from him and placed them on the desk in front of her.

" And what's in it for you?"

" Absolutely nothing, it would just be nice not to see all of my hard work go to waste. I know for a fact that Heather and I would never be able to eat them all ourselves."

" Fair enough. Thank you."

Draco grinned at her.

" You're very welcome, milady."

That said, the Slytherin wandered off in the direction of the cookery section. Looking along the shelves, he decided to pick up a few recipe books while he was there. After all, he had all afternoon to kill; he may as well be doing something productive.

\*~\*~\*

When Draco got back to the house, he found Heather in the kitchen putting away the new supplies. She had Tesco bags littered around the room, and it was obvious she had been doing a lot of shopping.

“ Are you storing food for the winter?” Draco asked, wryly. Heather gave him a withering look.

“ No, I’m getting a few things in, in case you feel like doing a bit of baking.”

“ Well, I did get some books about it from the library. I was thinking about making a cake...”

“ It’s just as well I went shopping then, isn’t it.”

“ Yes, I guess it is.”

Before long, Draco had an apron wrapped around his waist, and was mixing up ingredients for a sponge cake. Heather was helping, but it was mostly Draco’s project. When the door bell rang in the early afternoon, the witch quickly wiped her hands on a tea towel and pulled off her apron, running to the door to answer it. Draco stayed where he was, knowing that any visitors she had probably wouldn’t even know he was there. Pulling out a baking tin, he started to pour the cake mix into it, just as Heather came back in.

“ Just carry on with what you’re doing, Draco. I’m just getting a pot of tea for my guests. Do you mind if I give them some of our biscuits?”

“ No, it’s fine. I’ll just carry on with this.”

Heather quickly gathered up a tea service on a tray with a plate of fresh biscuits, before bustling out and back into the living room. Draco finished putting his cake mixture into the tins, and placed them in the oven. With a sigh, he set the egg timer and quickly slipped upstairs to the bathroom.

It was on his way down the stairs that Draco heard it. Through the door, he could hear a very familiar voice talking to Heather.

*“ Yes, but it’s given us the opportunity to get to know each other, so we’re both happy. I have a question for you, though.”*

*“ What’s that, Harry?”*

*“ How did you know my friends and I were back?”*

His heart froze. His mind became numb. He could barely hear Heather’s reply. Potter was there. In the same house as him. The same Potter that had taken his magic. Sent him to the Muggle world. Made him have to adapt. Left him defenceless. Turned him into the one thing he had been raised to despise more than anything else. A Muggle. Over the last week and a half, he had completely forgotten that Heather was Potter’s aunt. It had just never occurred to him that the irritating Gryffindor Golden Boy would actually turn up to visit her.

Pushing the door open a little, he looked into the room and spotted Potter sitting there, listening to Heather speak, a cup of tea and one of *Draco’s* biscuits in his hand. A boy, who looked very similar to the Boy-Who-Lived, sat to one side, watching the proceedings with interest. The second boy looked up and got his eye on Draco, and the blond watched as comprehension dawned in the other’s eyes. Seeing red, Draco pushed the door open with a bang and lunged for his nemesis, landing a hard punch to his temple. He barely heard Heather scream as he started to beat the unconscious boy beneath him, taking out all of his frustrations on the downed Gryffindor. The next thing he knew, he was being dragged backwards by the unidentified boy, and heard a whispered enervate spell as he started to take punches. Turning his attention away from Potter, he started to fight in earnest with the older boy, who was definitely getting the upper hand. Despite his disadvantage, Draco was a Slytherin, and it wasn’t in him to give up. He completely ignored the flour floating around the air, and Heather and Harry’s conversation, concentrating all of his efforts on his attacker. Eventually, they reached a sort of stalemate where they were both trying to strangle each other. Draco started to black out from the loss of oxygen, and the last thing he heard was ‘stupefy’.

\*~\*~\*



Draco felt himself starting to wake up, and he let out a loud groan. This was echoed from somewhere next to him, and he cautiously opened his eyes. Pushing himself up unto a sitting position, the first thing he noticed was that he wasn't in any pain. His injuries had been healed. The next thing he did was look around and take in his surroundings. He appeared to be lying on Heather's bed, the boy who attacked him lying next to him. Heather herself was huddled in a corner, as if in terror, with Potter kneeling next to her. This confused Draco greatly. After all, what would Potter possibly do that would scare Heather so much?

"What's going on?" Draco asked the room in general.

"Shut up, Malfoy," Potter said, venom in his voice. This only served to frighten Heather more.

"What's going on, Dad?" the strange boy asked. Draco eyed the boy next to him in shock.

"Dad?!" he said, rather surprised. Potter had a son? How was *that* possible?

"Yes, he's my dad. Now shut up," the other boy snapped, and Draco, wisely, did as he was told. He watched, fascinated, as Potter tried in vain to talk to his aunt. He could see that the woman was muttering to herself, but from his position on the bed he couldn't tell what it was she was saying. The Slytherin watched as Heather got more and more worked up, and heard Potter mention the Dark Lord. Then, the boy on the floor muttered a deep sleep charm and turned to the two on the bed.

"Come downstairs, you two, I think there are a few things we need to discuss."

The pair nodded, and stood up from the bed. Potter levitated the woman onto it, and tucked her in firmly, before leading them down to the living room, which Heather had obviously repaired while they were unconscious. Sitting down, Potter Senior conjured up a pot of tea and plate of biscuits with a simple wave of his wand. Draco burned with jealousy. Eventually, he decided to break the awkward silence that had fallen over them.

“ Well, Potter, what was all that about?”

Potter let out a deep sigh, but much to Draco's relief he explained himself.

“ Aunt Heather, as you will know by now, was captured by Voldemort. When I rescued her, I promised she would be safe from him. When she came upstairs just now, I was talking to one of my pet snakes. The parseltongue must have made her suffer a flashback. I don't know how I'm going to fix this...”

“ Well, you certainly seem to be making a mess of people's lives at the moment, Potter,” Draco sneered, “ If I didn't know that your Gryffindorish sense of honour would prevent it, I would say you were doing it on purpose.”

“ You don't know what you're talking about, Malfoy,” the older boy said, hotly. Draco smirked, feeling in a vindictive mood. After all, this was the person who had taken his magic from him.

“ Really? Well, from what I can gather, you've just scared away the only relative you have that actually loves you. Great going, Potter.”

“ Shut up!”

“ And what's this about a son?” Draco continued, “ Where did *he* spring up from? Been putting it about a bit on your travels, have you Potter? Been getting young harlots pregnant? And at such a tender age...”

Draco realised he had gone too far when he saw the rage in Potter's eyes. Fear crept into him when he saw his enemy's wand pointed straight at him, and any thoughts after that were drowned out as his body was wracked with the most intense pain he had ever felt. He knew it was a milder curse than the Cruciatus, but he knew from experience that it was hurting more than Crucio ever had. When the curse was lifted suddenly, he managed to gather his thoughts and realised what the difference was. He didn't have magic. Magic was a natural filter to all kinds of spells, and if they were performed on squibs and Muggles the effects were worse. Now he could see that while pain curses were excruciating for wizards, they were worse for

Muggles. He dreaded to think what the Cruciatus felt like for a Muggle. He looked up at his tormentor and saw the satisfaction in his eyes. Draco smiled a little as a triumphant feeling filled him.

“ You know...Potter,” he gasped out, “ You pretend to be...all high...and mighty...the saviour of the...bloody...wizarding world...but deep down...you’re the same as your...enemy. A Muggle torturer...just...like...Voldemort...”

The last thing he saw before he slipped into unconsciousness was a deep fear entering Potter’s eyes.

\*~\*~\*

When he regained consciousness, Draco was all alone on the living room floor. He winced as he tried to sit up, the aftereffects of the pain curse wracking his body. After taking a moment to compose himself, he pushed himself to his feet and made his way upstairs to his room. Dropping on his bed, he promptly fell into a deep, restless sleep.

Several hours later, he awoke, feeling much better. His muscles still felt stiff, but it was easier to deal with. Sitting up, he collected his thoughts, and decided to see if Heather was alright. The last time he had seen her, she was rather distressed. Getting up, he made his way along the landing to her room and knocked on the door lightly. When he didn’t get an answer, he knocked louder, but to no avail. Shrugging mentally, he opened the door slowly and poked his head inside to see if she was there. What he saw shocked him. She was still under the effects of the deep sleep charm. Walking over, he shook her slightly, but nothing happened. With growing annoyance, he realised that the Potters had left without lifting the spell, and he certainly couldn’t do it. Not without his magic. Looking around, he tried to find something that could help. After five minutes he was getting annoyed. All he had found was the woman’s wand in the corner of the room she had been hiding in. As he looked at it in frustration, an idea struck him. He couldn’t do magic, but Heather could. Taking the wand, he uncurled her fingers and wrapped them around the rod of wood. Making sure it was secure, he pointed it towards her body and moved her hand and arm in the right pattern,

simulating the correct wand movement as he muttered 'enervate'. The blond was delighted when she started to stir. Opening her eyes, she looked right at him, and fear immediately entered her eyes.

"No! Lucius, please, don't!"

Draco watched, disturbed, as she curled up in a protective ball. He started making soothing noises, and whispered to her.

"It's alright, Heather, it's Draco. Lucius isn't here. It's me, Draco. Just Draco."

Eventually, she calmed and looked up at the boy in front of her. Recognition sparked in her eyes and, with a sob, she launched herself at the startled youth. Draco felt a little uncomfortable but he patted her back as she embraced him, deep sobs of grief wracking her body. When she eventually calmed down, he pulled away and handed her a box of tissues.

"Better?" he asked her.

"Much. Thank you."

"It's alright. What happened, though? I woke up and Potter was kneeling next to you, and you appeared to be afraid of him. He said it was something to do with parseltongue..."

"When I came upstairs, Harry was talking to one of his pet snakes. I had a flash back of my time with Voldemort. It scared the life out of me," Heather explained.

"Oh. Was it a flashback of something in particular? I mean, you thought I was my father at first...."

"It was of one evening when your father came in to report about a failed attack. I-I really don't want to relive it, if you don't mind."

“ Alright,” Draco conceded, a little disappointed. He was intensely curious about what had happened to his hostess during her time with Voldemort. His father had always told him it was a great honour to serve the Dark Lord, and Heather was to only one who escaped his service and had openly criticised Voldemort. Draco had always expected to follow in his father’s footsteps, and still did, but he was curious to see Heather’s take on the whole thing. What she said next, though, made him perk up slightly.

“ I don’t want to talk about it, but I could show you.”

“ What do you mean?” he asked.

“ I have a penseive, you could watch it in there. If you think you can stomach it.”

Draco gave her an affronted look.

“ I’m a Malfoy, I can stomach anything.”

“ Really?” she asked, skeptically, “ I highly doubt that. Fine, I’ll let you see. You can see for yourself how Voldie treats his favoured few.”

Moving over to a cupboard, she pulled out a large stone bowl with white mist swirling around inside. Pulling out her wand, which she was surprised to find in her hand, she stirred the mixture until she found what she was looking for. Draco gave her one final look before sticking his hand inside the bowl and being sucked into Heather’s memory.

\*~\*~\*

As he landed with a thump on the semi-solid ground of the penseive, Draco looked around to get his bearings. When he turned around, he spotted a large throne set up in a clearing. In the throne sat a tall, pale man with glowing red eyes. He recognised him as the Dark Lord immediately, for he looked exactly how his father had described him. He was even more imposing in person than Draco had ever imagined. Around Voldemort stood several circles of black clad figures. Their bone-white masks identified them as Death Eaters. As Draco watched in interest, Voldemort’s intense gaze landed on one

person in the front row, who started to shake at the Dark Lord's scrutiny. The young Slytherin could see that Voldemort was angry, and he shivered when the serpentine man began to speak.

“ Lucius, get your worthless hide over here. I want some answers from you.”

Draco watched in surprise as the shaking figure of his father walked forward and collapsed on his knees in front of the Dark Lord, kissing the hem of his robes. The Malfoy heir was disgusted at Lucius' show of servitude. He had always been led to believe that following Voldemort was something glorious, which brought prestige and power. From what he could see now, though, it involved groveling, and crawling on the ground like a house elf. It wasn't a position fitting for a Malfoy.

“ Lucius, I would like you to explain to me why your attack on that Muggle school failed.”

“ Master, it wasn't my fault...”

“ Crucio! Lucius, Lucius, Lucius, you should know by now that if I leave you in command, and something goes wrong, it is *a/ways* your fault. You were the leader, and you failed on your mission.”

Draco watched in horror as the curse was lifted, and his father dragged himself back to his knees and kissed the robe hem again.

“ Ma-Master, the Order of the Phoenix were there! They were too many...”

“ Crucio! I will not stand for this! How can a bunch of Light Wizards beat my Death Eaters? You are supposed to use Dark magic! Magic they won't use, and cannot defend against. You are the elite of the wizarding world, and it's time you started acting like it. Crucio!”

Lucius screamed in pain as the Dark Lord took out all of his anger on the unfortunate man. Eventually, the curse was lifted, and Voldemort looked around the assembled Death Eaters.

“ I do not suffer failure. I also do not suffer fools. If any of you fail me again, I will make an example. For every failed mission, one of you will be executed. Do I make myself clear?”

“ Yes, my Lord,” came a chorus of voices from the assembled crowd.

“ Good. Now get out of here. Heather, my sweet, stay here,” the Slytherin heir said in a chilling tone. All of the Death Eaters, bar one, apparated away, leaving Heather alone with the Dark Lord.

“ Come with me. Now,” he said in a cold voice. He led the unfortunate woman out of the clearing and over to a run down house on a hill. Draco followed behind, his head spinning at everything he had seen. His father had always told him the Death Eaters would be treated like gods after the final battle. Now, Draco could see that even if the rest of the wizarding world were ever to treat them as such, they would still be abused at the hands of their lord and master. He came to a stop when the pair in front of him entered a room decorated heavily in Slytherin colours. Voldemort muttered a few spells, and Heather was soon chained naked to the large bed. With a wicked smirk, Voldemort pulled from the wall a vicious looking flail, and lifted the Imperius curse. Heather’s eyes seemed to regain their focus, and she spotted the torture item and the leering man. She screamed.

Draco couldn’t stay much longer after that. When he finally emerged from the pensive, he collapsed sobbing into Heather’s arms.

### Week Three – Evelyn

Draco's trip into Heather's penseive had been a turning point. After he had calmed down, he went straight back to his room and fell into an exhausted and nightmare-riddled sleep. He kept seeing it over and over again, all of the things his father's master had done to the sweet, kind woman who had taken him in when she was under no obligation to do so. He had seen it now. Seen first hand what it meant to serve the Dark Lord, and he didn't like what he saw. His father had always glorified it as he was growing up, speaking of wizard purity and an end to the Muggle scourge. All Draco could see now, though, was a bully. An overgrown bully lashing out at the world, trying to destroy all that was good. His sudden disillusionment left Draco in a stupor for the rest of the week.

It was a rather disconcerting thing, finding out that everything your family stood for, everything you had been taught about life and the world was not as clear cut as you previously thought. Draco still thought that Magical folk were superior to Muggles, but he was beginning to see that it didn't give them the right to persecute those weaker than them. The blond had seen from Heather's memories that the Death Eaters were in the same position as Muggles, in some respect. Muggles were weaker than wizards, so the Death Eaters tortured them. Death Eaters were weaker than Voldemort, and he tortured them. He wasn't exactly ready to make the leap to the Light side and join Dumbledore and his little groupies, but he was seriously reconsidering his future at the Dark Lord's feet.

By the weekend, Heather decided it was time she had a chat with her guest. He had been holed up in his room for the majority of the last four days, and she was starting to worry. She knew he needed space to accept everything; after all, it was a big shock. Enough was enough, though. She knew that if she left him to his own devices, he could fall into despair. After all, his entire outlook had been irreparably skewed. Her mind made up, Heather stood at the bottom of the stairs and looked up to the closed guest room door.

"Draco," she called, "Draco, I need to talk to you."



After five minutes with no response, she called again, this time letting him know she meant business. After a moment more, the door opened slowly and Draco's head appeared through the gap, a reluctant look on his face. He looked paler than usual, and had dark circles under his eyes, as if he had not been getting enough sleep. With a resigned sigh, he opened the door wider and walked onto the landing, closing the door behind him. As he slowly made his way downstairs, his head hanging slightly, Heather noticed how thin he had become in the last few days.

"Draco, we need to talk about a few things."

"Like what?" came his listless answer.

"Like what you've been doing all week. Draco, you can't stay in your room forever."

"I'm a Malfoy," he said self mockingly, "I can do whatever I want."

The frown on Heather's face increased, and she took him gently by the arm and quietly led him into the kitchen and to a pulled out chair. Once he was seated, she moved around, making them each a steaming cup of hot chocolate and setting out the last of Draco's biscuits. Eventually, she couldn't put it off any more, and sat down opposite the teenager, the hot mug warming her hands.

"Draco, you can't carry on like this."

"Like what?"

"Locking yourself in your room. Moping over something you can't change. It's not healthy. I'm getting worried..."

"Worried? Why should you worry about the son of one of your tormentors?!" Draco exploded, "I saw your penseive, remember. I know what happened to you because of my father, and I can imagine what must have happened on occasions I didn't see. What I don't understand is why you're trying to make nice with someone who must remind you of him!"

"Draco, you are not your father..."

“ Yes I am! It’s who I’ve been raised to be! I was brought up to be like my father in every way, and to eventually take his place at the Dark Lord’s side. That’s all I’ve ever been, and it’s all I’ll ever be.”

“ You’re wrong, Draco. You’re not your father, no matter how you’ve been raised. You are different people, and you have the choice to either be like him, or be different from him. It’s your choice to make. No-one’s forcing you.”

“ He will.”

“ *He’s* not here. *I* am, and I’m giving you the choice. I can’t make your decisions for you, Draco, but I can show you your options. I have shown you some of the Muggle world you hate so much, I have shown you what they have to offer, and I have equally shown you what being Voldemort’s servant entails. If you choose to stay the same as you have always been, I will understand and respect your decision. If you go back to the wizarding world in a few weeks and join the Death Eaters, disclosing my location to Voldemort, then I won’t try and stop you, because it would have been your choice. If you decide to break away from everything you have known I will help you if you ask. But the one thing that makes me different from your father is that I am offering you the choice. I am offering options and letting you make your own mind up. You have seen both sides of the story, so either way I will be happy with the knowledge that you weren’t entering into anything blind.”

Draco sat in silence for a few minutes, thinking over what she had said. Eventually he raised his head and looked her in the eyes.

“ Help me.”

\*~\*~\*

Draco seemed to perk up a little after his chat with Heather. It was as if a great weight had been lifted from his shoulders. He had been feeling lost, knowing that he no longer wanted to follow in his father’s footsteps, but equally certain that he didn’t have a choice in the matter. Now that he knew for sure that Heather would help him all she could, he felt very relieved.

Two days later, Draco was back in the kitchen baking again. He had missed this particular distraction, and was making up for the lost days with a vengeance. Heather had to make a rather long trip to Tesco to gather the supplies he needed. Inevitably, though, he had boxes of pastries, biscuits, pies, flans, tarts and éclairs lying all around the kitchen. This prompted a return to his second hobby. Visiting the library.

Thursday morning Draco packed up his bag with an assortment of goodies and waved goodbye to Heather, leaving for the local primary school. As soon as he walked through the door, he was swarmed with giggling children, all welcoming him back. He was a little startled by the attention at first, but soon smiled back and told them he was glad to be back. Despite how strange it seemed to him, he had missed his trips to the school. Sure, it was full of young Muggles, but it was a good distraction. With a grin, the young Malfoy made his way through the crowd, waving at the children as he went, until he eventually made it to the library. Much to his surprise, the strict librarian came straight over, a smile on her face.

“ I see you’re back again, Draco. The children have missed you this last week. They really like you, you know.”

Draco smiled back politely and nodded, but his head was reeling. They liked him? Someone actually liked him? For who he was and not for his father’s money? He still found it strange that he didn’t have to buy his friends anymore. It was a good feeling, though.

Draco took the baked goods out of his bag and started setting them up at a table in the corner of the library. Once he was done, he wandered to the bookshelves and found something interesting to read, before settling himself down to wait for the afternoon break. What seemed like minutes later to the distracted boy the bell rang loudly, breaking him out of his reading trance. Looking around, Draco realised that the children would start arriving soon, so he quickly marked the place in his book and set it aside. When the first little boy pushed the door to the library open, Draco grinned and started pulling lids off his boxes. As soon as the children who had not heard of his arrival noticed him, they started cheering and running through the aisles, looking for a book they could borrow to get their

free treat. The librarian was running around, shouting at them all to form an orderly queue, rather than running around pell-mell, but they didn't take any notice of her. After only minutes, Draco had a queue in front of his table, each child having a newly borrowed book in their hand ready to collect their sweet. The blond handed out his baked goods readily, but after a few minutes he was distracted by a boy's voice wafting from off to his right.

"What were you expecting, McCarthy?"

"I-I..."

Draco looked over to where the voices were coming from, and saw three boys and a girl standing off to one side. The boys appeared to be ganging up on her, the ringleader standing in front of the other two, his hand outstretched.

"Give it up, McCarthy. You know you Irish are too stupid to read anyway. Hand it over."

"But it's mine," came the soft voice of the girl.

"And now it's mine."

Draco shivered as the scene played out. It was eerily familiar, only he was usually the one bullying the others. It reminded him strongly of himself with Crabbe and Goyle as his backup, picking on the Hufflepuffs and Mudbloods. Draco frowned, and started to place lids on his boxes before making his way over. Now that he saw it from an objective position, he was annoyed with the boys for picking on the girl. What could she have possibly done to deserve it? If these bullies were anything like him, then they were prejudiced for some reason.

"Hey!" he called as he came up behind them, "What's going on here?"

The leader looked up at Draco, a sneer on his lips. As soon as he saw who it was, though, the sneer changed into a simpering smile.

"Draco, hi."

“ What’s going on?” the blond asked again, a hint of impatience creeping into his voice.

“ Nothing, we were just talking to McCarthy here.”

“ I can see that. What I want to know is why you were insulting her.”

A confused frown marred the young forehead as the boy looked at Draco askance.

“ Well, she’s Irish.”

“ So?”

“ Well....”

“ What gives you the right to insult her just because she’s Irish?”

“ Well, my father says that all Irish people are stupid, and have fleas....”

“ And is your father always right?”

“ Well, yeah.”

“ You know what?” Draco asked, a hint of anger entering his voice. The leader started to look a little concerned.

“ What?”

“ Your father’s wrong.”

“ But...”

“ Let me tell you a story,” Draco said, the switch in topics throwing the boy off kilter.

“ Erm....Okay.”

“ When I was younger, I thought I was better than other people as well. My father taught me about the superiority of the Malfoy family,

and how we should treat people he classed as beneath us like dirt. And you know what?"

"What?"

"He was wrong. I learned that the hard way. Our fathers don't know everything. Don't follow what they say blindly."

"Ooooooooooooooooooay."

The boys turned around and started to leave, deciding to quit before the older boy got even angrier. Draco, though, wasn't giving up.

"Did I say you could leave?"

The boys turned around at his tone, fear creeping across their faces.

"N-no."

"Then where do you think you're going?"

"Erm..."

"I'm only going to say this once," Draco said, moving steadily towards them in a motion of intimidation that worked as effectively as he had hoped for, "You leave this girl alone from now on. You are no better than her. Her nationality has nothing to do with who she is, and you have no right to judge her on it. If anyone here is inferior, it's you three for being so petty and vindictive. And if I ever hear that you've been picking on her again, you will regret it. Do I make myself clear?"

The three boys, shaking now in terror, nodded frantically.

"Good," Draco said, much calmer, "Now get out of here."

They ran. Straight through the library and out of the doors as fast as they could. Once they were gone, Draco let out a long sigh of relief, and turned to the stunned looking girl. She had remained silent all throughout the confrontation, and was staring at the older boy in utter

shock. Draco's face softened and when he spoke, his voice was full of concern.

"Are you alright?"

The girl blushed and nodded frantically.

"Y-yes, th-thank you."

"What's your name?"

"E-Evelyn McCarthy."

"Evelyn, that's a pretty name. Do those boys pick on you often?"

"Ever since I came here last month, S-sir."

"It's alright, you can call me Draco."

The girl blushed even harder, and Draco shook his head in amusement.

"Why don't you come over to my table and sit down for a bit? I'll let you have some of my biscuits."

"A-are you sure?"

"I wouldn't have asked if I wasn't. Come on, you can tell me a bit about yourself."

The girl nodded hesitantly and followed the wizard back to his table in the corner. The queue of children had dissipated, the librarian having handed out treats to the ones who had borrowed books. Evelyn sat down opposite Draco and the older boy offered her a box of biscuits. Evelyn took one and nibbled at the edge, a smile creeping onto her face.

"These are good."

"Thanks," Draco said with a smile, "I make them myself. I have a lot of free time on my hands, and I need something to keep me busy. So, where are you from? You said you only came here last month."

“ My family’s from Donegal, in Ireland. We moved here when my father was transferred for his job. So far I don’t like it here.”

“ Surely it’s not all bad.”

“ It is! Everyone laughs at me because of the way I talk, and those boys say I’m stupid and have fleas....”

“ They’re the stupid ones. Tell me more about your home in Donegal. I’ve been there a few times. My family owns a manor house in Sligo, and we spend part of the summer there each year.”

“ Well, the place I’m from is called Glencolmcille, and it’s in the southwest of County Donegal. It’s a beautiful place, full of history and tradition. Wherever you go there’s a friendly face, and you’re always welcome. It’s so different here. I wish I could have stayed there forever, but that’s not the way things go....”

“ I’m sorry Evelyn. I know what it’s like to feel like an outsider. I’ve been here three weeks, and I’m still getting used to it. The place I’m from....the culture is very different to here, and I’m constantly confused by things that people here take for granted.”

“ Where are you from?”

Draco paused for a minute, weighing up how much he could tell her. Without being able to do magic, there was no way he could verify his story, so she would most likely not believe him, even if he did tell her. He would have to go with something close to the truth, but without any specific details.

“ Well, it’s sort of hard to explain. My family’s English, with French origins. I spend most of the year in a boarding school in Scotland, and my summers in our various manor houses scattered throughout Europe.”

“ So, what makes you feel so different here?”

Draco considered for a moment before giving his answer.



“ Well, my family....we’re rich. *Very* rich. We’re very well respected in certain circles. Recently, I’ve found myself cut off from my family and living with a....friend. She’s not that well off, and she lives in a small house down the road. Before I came here, I was used to having everything I wanted, with servants to do my every bidding. Here, though, I have to fend for myself. I don’t have the resources I had before, and my good name isn’t any use to me. It’s a classic case of the spoiled rich brat being harshly introduced to real life.”

“ But you don’t seem so spoiled...”

“ Evelyn, if you’d met me a month ago you wouldn’t have been saying that. Let’s just say I’ve seen the error of my ways and leave it there.”

“ Alright. Have you made any friends here?”

“ Just Heather, the woman I’m staying with. I’ve learned a lot from her. The only trouble is that she’s the aunt of my school nemesis. It’s a long story; I won’t get into it now. She’s good to me, though. She’s taught me to look beyond prejudices and see the people underneath. My father....isn’t a nice man. He taught me that Malfoys are better than everyone else, and that some people are hardly worth being classed as human. I used to believe him, and think the same thing he does. Heather changed that. I’m a different person. I’ve grown.”

Evelyn sat silently as Draco let off steam, interested in what he was saying, but polite enough not to pry. She was lonely, and she saw this as a good opportunity. It seemed like this strange boy, her saviour, was lonely too. With a smile, Evelyn lightly placed her hand on his arm and looked up at him.

“ Draco, will you be my friend?”

#### Week Four – Party in the Park

From the moment they met, Draco and Evelyn were inseparable. Even though Evelyn was only ten years old, the pair hit it off immediately. Draco had finally found someone in the Muggle world that he could relate to. Someone as lonely and isolated as he was. They were very different for many different reasons. Evelyn was five years younger than he was, and from what he could tell was a pureblood Muggle. She had never shown any evidence of having magic, so Draco assumed she wasn't even a Muggleborn witch. They came from different worlds, he from a rich magical aristocratic family, and she from a moderately well off but friendly Muggle family. Although Draco didn't know it, Evelyn's family was a lot like the Weasleys, welcoming to anyone who was friends with their children. Even though they were unlikely friends, the two found a lot to talk about, Evelyn telling him all about her life in Ireland, and Draco explaining the intricacies of life as the son of a rich and powerful man. He confided his fears about becoming like his father, and told her some of the things Lucius Malfoy was involved in. All the time, though, he had to try and conceal the magical aspects of his tale. This was something the Malfoy heir found rather difficult. Having grown up as a pureblood wizard, he still had trouble determining what was purely magical and what was Muggle. While he had a good idea from Heather's house and the things that she had told him, he often got confused. Evelyn had been most intrigued when he had told her of his mother's colour changing nail polish.

The days passed quickly for the odd pair. Evelyn finally had a friend at her new school, even though he wasn't one of her classmates. She found, though, that even though the other children still didn't try to make friends with her, they no longer picked on her. News of Draco's confrontation with the bullies had spread through the small school like wildfire, and no one would dare to try anything for fear of angering the blond. Draco was also finding his time with the young girl helpful. He now had a friend in the Muggle world outside of Heather who he could talk to about normal childish things. She was also teaching him a lot about the Muggle world just by telling him her stories, even though she didn't realise she was doing it.

The pair got into a routine very quickly. In the morning Draco would get up early and meet Evelyn down the street before walking her to school. While she was at her morning classes Draco would sit in the library and read as many Muggle books as he could get his hands on. By the middle of his fourth week in the Muggle world he had worked his way through the library's entire physics section and had made a considerable dent in their maths textbook collection. When it was the school's morning break, Evelyn would come and join him, telling him all about what she had been studying that morning. As soon as she went back to her lessons, Draco would change books, and read some Muggle works of fiction. He especially enjoyed fantasy, finding it fascinating how the Muggles interpreted the magical world. As soon as it was time for lunch, he would pull out his boxes of baked treats ready for the children flooding into the library. As soon as the rush died down, he would relocate to a quiet corner of the library and talk to Evelyn until her last classes started. This would be the time when he would pull out his magical texts, and although he was reluctant to admit it, he was glad Potter had brought his trunk with him on his visit. He didn't want to even contemplate how the Gryffindor had gotten his hands on it. It gave him the opportunity to keep up with the theory side of his Hogwarts classes, though. He was in his fifth year, and had his OWLs to consider. He would go through his set texts and learn anything he could, concentrating especially hard on potions. It was the one subject apart from History of Magic that he could easily sit and memorise things without having to perform any actual magic. Heather even let him try out a few potions at home, and those that required accompanying spells to be cast she would help him with. At the end of the day, Draco would pack away his books in his bag and meet Evelyn at the school gates to walk her home. The pair would meander slowly through the small rural village to the Irish girl's house, where Mrs. McCarthy would warmly welcome the pair, asking Draco to come inside for a while. For the next two hours, Draco would help his young friend as best he could with her homework and Evelyn, in return, would teach Draco all she knew about computers. Sometimes, Draco would stay at Evelyn's house for dinner, and others he would go home to Heather, who would question him about his day and help him with his evening's baking exploits.

The routine remained unbroken for a week and a half, in which Draco and Evelyn grew closer and closer. Draco, who being an only child

had always been spoiled with possessions but had lacked the comforting presence of a sibling, had adopted Evelyn as his surrogate sister. He took his role very seriously, protecting her from those who would taunt her at school, and teasing her relentlessly in the playful manner of a usual sibling rivalry. Heather was very pleased with the situation, knowing that despite the negative aspects of Draco's loss of magic, the experience was doing him a great deal of good. It benefited everyone, Heather having more time to herself, Evelyn having a friend, and Draco gaining some much-needed experiences.

On the Friday of Draco's fourth week in the Muggle world he walked his young friend home as usual. Today was different, though. Mrs. McCarthy asked him in, as she did every day, and dragged him over to the table for a snack. Draco was a little confused by this, as he normally headed right upstairs with Evelyn to start on her homework. He could see by the serious look in Mrs. McCarthy's eyes, though, that she wanted to talk to him about something. Flopping into a seat, he sat in silence, waiting for her to finish fussing in the kitchen. Eventually she walked over with three mugs of hot chocolate and a plate of Draco's biscuits she had been given the day before. Once they were all comfortable, Evelyn's mother opened the conversation.

" Draco, dear, I felt it was time that we sat down and had a little chat."

" What about, Mrs. McCarthy?"

" Well, for one thing I wanted to thank you for your kindness towards our Evie. She's been awfully lonely since we left Donegal, and I'm grateful she's finally found someone to keep her company."

" You're welcome. I'm grateful for her friendship as well. I've never had a real friend before, at least not one that my father hasn't bought for me."

" That's good Draco. There were just a few concerns my husband and I have been having. For one thing, we wanted to know why you aren't at school. I understand it may not be any of our business, but it just seems as if you've sprung out of nowhere, and we want to know that our daughter is safe."

Draco pondered the question for a moment. He knew Evie's parents would eventually have a few questions for him, as his friendship with their daughter was a bit unusual. He had mentioned a few things over the dinner table on his previous visits, such as the fact that he was staying with a friend, and that his father was a strict aristocrat. He hadn't given away anything specific, though. He didn't want the Muggles to find out more than they should. For Muggles to have knowledge of the wizarding world when Voldemort was regaining power was a dangerous thing indeed. It would most likely make them targets. Much like he had with Evelyn when he had first met her, Draco had to select what he told Mrs. McCarthy.

" You don't have to worry about Evie. I would protect her with my life. Over the week and a half that I've known her, she's become like a little sister to me. I know there's a difference in our ages, but she's so mature for a ten-year-old. We just get on well. As for my school, it's a little hard to explain."

" Try."

" I went to school in Scotland. It was a boarding school called Hogwarts. I was...suspended...for eight weeks. I had a fight with someone from a rival House. We've been rivals since the first day we started, and everything sort of came to a head. He came out on top, and I got suspended. I'm here with my rival's aunt for eight weeks to see if I can learn anything from the experience. I used to hold all of my father's beliefs, as that was how I'd been brought up. My father's an evil man, and since I've been here, I've had my eyes opened. I no longer want to be like him. I promise you, Mrs. McCarthy, I would never hurt your daughter. I swear."

Mrs. McCarthy sat in silence for a few minutes, looking at Draco intently. Eventually, she turned to her daughter and spoke.

" Evie, darling, would you go in the kitchen for a few minutes? I'd like to talk to young Draco in private."

" Sure, Mam."

Evelyn stood and gathered up the mugs of cold hot chocolate and went into the kitchen to make some more. As soon as the door shut

behind her, Mrs. McCarthy leaned in closer to the blond boy and lowered her voice.

" So, you're a wizard, are you?"

Draco sat back in shock. That was the last thing he had expected her to say.

" H-how do you know?"

" You said you went to Hogwarts."

" B-but I thought you were Muggles..."

" We are. I have an aunt who is a witch. A Ravenclaw, I believe. Is Albus Dumbledore still headmaster?"

Draco shook his head lightly to clear it. This was something he had never expected. Evelyn had never mentioned having a witch in her family. But, then again, he had never mentioned magic either.

" Uh, yes he is. How much do you know about the wizarding world?"

" Oh, quite a bit. When I was little, my aunt used to tell me stories about Hogwarts and magic. At first I thought it was just stories, but then she showed me some spells. I couldn't get enough. Now, tell me before Evie gets back, what really happened?"

" You never told Evelyn about magic?"

" No, there was never any reason to. My aunt told me a few years back that there was a terrible war on, between Light and Dark wizards. She broke contact with us after that. She wanted to protect us. Said it would be dangerous for Muggles to know about it."

" That's what I thought, which is why I wasn't going to mention it," Draco added.

" A wise move, I'm sure. Now tell me what happened."

" I got into a wizard's duel. I'm a Slytherin, and my rival, Harry Potter, is a Gryffindor. Unfortunately, he's a lot more powerful than I am –

was. He used this really weird spell on me that sucked out all of my magic. I'm effectively a Muggle until it wears off. That should be about a month away. Obviously, without magic I couldn't stay at Hogwarts. The spell took it all away, and Muggles can't live at Hogwarts. They can't even see it."

" Isn't the caretaker a Muggle?" Mrs. McCarthy asked absently.

" No, he's a squib. A non-magic person born of magical parents. Even squibs have some magic in them, just not enough to actually use. It's still in their blood. I don't have any anymore, just like a Muggle."

" And what about your father? Why are you staying here and not at home?"

" Because he hates Muggles and Muggleborns. He's one of the Dark wizards your aunt told you about. As I said, I was brought up with his beliefs, but since coming here, I have learned differently."

He woman pondered what he had said, before finally nodding her head in acceptance.

" Very well. But not a word of this to Evie."

" My lips are sealed."

At that moment, Evelyn came back into the room and retook her seat at the table. Mrs. McCarthy sent Draco a wink and turned back to her daughter.

" Thank you for that, Evie."

" Have you sorted out your differences, Mam?" the young girl asked.

" Yes, love, it's all sorted. I was just about to ask Draco if he wanted to come with us to the Party in the Park tomorrow."

" What party?" the young wizard asked.

" The Party in the Park. It's a music festival we have here. We've never been but I hear it's the biggest event of the year in these parts. Every year, there's huge concert in Hyde Park in London, sometime in the summer. It's called the Party in the Park. From what the locals tell me, they have their own version in this area every October, with local bands and singers participating. Sometimes they even get local celebrities to join in. It's usually the highlight of the year, and nearly everyone will be there. Did Heather not tell you about it?"

" No, she never mentioned it. Probably thought I wouldn't enjoy it."

" Well, of course you will! It'll be fun, won't it Evie?"

The little girl nodded her head enthusiastically. Draco could see that she was really looking forward to the event, even though she didn't really get along with most of the local people. It could be fun, he decided, and it would give him something to do aside from baking and reading.

" Alright, count me in."

" It's settled, then," Mrs. McCarthy said, " We'll pick you up at eight tomorrow morning. We have to drive three villages over for the festival."

" Thank you."

" You're welcome, dear. I somehow think you need the experience," Mrs. McCarthy said with a knowing look.

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The next morning Draco was up bright and early. Despite being skeptical about Muggle music, he was willing to try it out. After all, he had been surprised by fridges and light bulbs, why not music as well? When eight o'clock rolled around, he was sitting in Heather's living room, ready to go. As soon as he heard the knock on the door, he leapt to his feet and rushed outside, giving Evie a quick hug and greeting her parents cordially. After they had all bundled into the car, they pulled out of the street and headed to the Party in the Park.



Twenty minutes later, the family pulled into a packed field full of assorted cars and parked up. Draco was the first out of the door, looking at the rows and rows of vehicles, mesmerised by the different shapes, sizes and colours. While he had seen a lot of different cars in Canterbury, he had never seen this many different kinds all together at once.

When the rest of the family joined him, the small group made their way to where a large stage was set up at the far end of the field. Hundreds of people were gathered around, waiting for the festivities to start. Draco was overwhelmed, as he had never seen this many Muggles gathered together at once before. He realised that this was only the population of a few Muggle villages in a small corner of the country. It had never occurred to him the sheer number of Muggles that lived there. He had always been taught that Muggles were inferior, and that wizards were far more powerful. Looking around, though, he realised that in comparison to the Muggles, the wizarding population was tiny. Even if all of the wizards and witches banded together, they would still be outnumbered thousands to one. With magic at their disposal, they were lethal on a small scale, but on a large scale, the Muggles could easily overwhelm them. If Voldemort and his Death Eaters tried to attack a united Muggle front, they wouldn't stand a chance. They can, after all, only cast spells at a certain speed, and sooner rather than later they would be overwhelmed. Draco had also seen on television a formidable Muggle weapon that even magical folk wouldn't stand a chance against. The gun. It could be fired quicker than a curse, and was just as lethal as the Avada Kedavra.

Draco was brought violently from his thoughts by the sudden blaring of extremely loud music. Looking around wildly and covering his ears, he realised that the noise was coming from a curiously clad group of teenagers on the stage. Having never been to a concert before, he wasn't quite sure what to expect, but this certainly wasn't it. Wizarding music was a lot more....tame. Even the Weird Sisters never sang anything as outrageous as what he was hearing from the Muggles. However, as the concert progressed, he began to like the music more and more. It had a beat he could dance to, and some of it was certainly dark enough for his tastes. Overall, Draco came to the conclusion that he liked Muggle music better than wizarding music.

When the concert finally drew to a close several hours later, Draco was disappointed. In the car on the way home he came up with an idea, though. He would ask Heather where he could hear music like that again. It was addictive, and he knew he'd found himself a new hobby. Turning to Evelyn's parents, he cleared his throat to get their attention.

" Thank you for bringing me. I think I can safely say this has been the best day of my life!"

### Week Five – Tunnel sous la Manche

When Draco returned home to Heather's house after the concert, he couldn't keep the smile off his face. The witch noticed it as soon as the boy walked through the door, and sent him a smile of her own.

"I take it you enjoyed yourself then," she said.

"It was brilliant! At first I thought it would be quite boring, as wizard music tends to be a little more conservative. But then the band started to play and the music was so *loud*! I thought my eardrums were going to burst! Everyone was dancing and there was a sea of cars when we first got there. Thousands of them!"

"Thousands? Are you sure there was that many?" Heather asked skeptically.

"I'm not sure, but it seemed that way. You never told me they came in so many shapes and sizes."

Heather smiled at the young wizard's excitement, trying not to laugh at him. It was quite strange to see a usually unflappable Malfoy in such a state.

"Well, it never occurred to me to tell you. I just take it for granted, as Muggles do. I sometimes forget you're actually a wizard."

Heather realised immediately that that was the wrong thing to say. Draco's face darkened, and a scowl marred his aristocratic features. His loss of magic was a sore subject, and he preferred for people not to point out his handicap if at all possible. He may have survived a month without magic, but that didn't mean he had resigned himself to a lifetime without it, as Heather had. As far as he was concerned, he would brave the Muggle world as long as he had to, but no longer. His friendship with Evelyn had helped him accept his status for the moment, but as soon as his magic returned to him, he would go straight back to Hogwarts and hex the life out of Potter. It was nothing more than he deserved, after all. A Malfoy without magic was like an insult to the whole of pureblood society, and Draco knew he would one day make his rival pay for what he had done to him. With his scowl firmly in place, he glared at his enemy's aunt.

“ I am a Malfoy, Heather, a pureblood wizard. I can trace the purity of my blood back over seven hundred years. Never again insult me in such a way, or I promise you will live to regret it. I may have been forced to adapt to the Muggle world for the time being, as a result of a malicious trick by your wretched nephew, but I will not suffer the indignity forever. Think carefully before classing me as a Muggle, for if you do it again you will face me in a wizard’s duel. And I’m not afraid of using Dark Magic.”

His piece said, Draco stormed upstairs, the slamming of his door a sign of finality.

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Over the next few days, Heather stayed out of her young guest’s way, not wanting to upset him further. The Malfoy heir moped around the house, speaking only when necessary and spending as much time as he could out of the house, either at the library or with Evelyn. By Wednesday, Heather was starting to get frustrated, and decided it was time for her to try and make it up to him.

When Draco came home on Wednesday evening, he found Heather sitting in the living room, a pensive look on her face. Slightly concerned for his temporary guardian, despite the fact he wasn’t talking to her; Draco went into the room and sat down opposite her. It took a few moments, but eventually Heather raised her eyes to meet the boy’s, and she gave him a slight smile. All she got in return was a scowl, which made her face fall.

“ Draco,” she said, “ I wanted to apologise for what I said the other day. I didn’t mean to call you a Muggle, but it just sort of came out that way. I didn’t mean it as an insult, as I have no doubt of your obvious strength as a wizard. Draco, I’m sorry, and I know we can’t go on living like this. You have another three and a half weeks here; I don’t want us to fight. Will you forgive me?”

Draco looked at her long and hard, searching her eyes for honesty. When he was satisfied, he gave her a small smile and nod. Heather immediately brightened, pulling the surprised youth into a hug.

“ Thank you, I mean it. It was starting to become unbearable around here.”

“ I know what you mean, Heather. It was getting hard for me too. You know, you are one of the hardest people to stay mad at I’ve ever met!”

“ Really?”

“ Yes! The amount of times you’ve given me sad looks and I’ve wanted to just forgive you there and then, especially as I knew you didn’t mean it the way it sounded.”

“ Let’s not talk about it anymore. I have something to show you, and I think you’ll like it.”

Draco gave her a confused look, but stood to follow her out of the room. The witch led him to the cupboard under the stairs, in which she kept her handbag hanging from a row of coat hooks. Taking down the bag, she rummaged inside for a couple of minutes before triumphantly pulling out a thick envelope. With a big grin on her face, she handed the envelope over to Draco, who looked at it in confusion.

“ What do you want me to do with this?” he asked.

“ Open it, of course!”

Heather fidgeted like a schoolgirl as Draco gently tore into the envelope, pulling out two tickets and several sheets of paper. He looked at the tickets for a moment, not a hint of understanding filling his eyes, and quickly scanned the letters for an explanation. His frown deepened as he reached the end, and he looked back up to his guardian.

“ Well, what do you think?” she asked anxiously.

“ Well, I didn’t really understand most of that,” he said, glancing back down at the documents in his hand, “ But I’m assuming we’re going to Paris.”

“ That’s right. If you want to, of course....”

As soon as he heard his theory confirmed, Draco immediately brightened, and he gave a surprised Heather a quick hug.

“ Do you mean it? We’re going to Paris?!”

“ Yes, we are. One of those letters is confirmation of the hotel reservations, and the tickets are for the Eurostar.”

“ What’s the Eurostar?” Draco asked, perplexed.

“ It’s a train Muggles use to get to France.”

“ But that’s not possible!” the boy exclaimed.

“ Why not?”

“ France is on the other side of the Channel, and I know for a fact that Muggles don’t have the ability to Apparate or Portkey there. I always thought they must cross on boats.”

“ They do. Dover, which is not far from here, is the main ferry port. The Muggles always used to cross the sea by ferry or hovercraft, or fly if they were going a long way, or had a lot of money.”

“ Fly?! As in with brooms?” Draco was getting decidedly confused, having no experience with Muggle transportation outside of his few trips in a car.

“ No, they use aeroplanes, large flying machines made of metal. Remember, I told you about them when we went to Canterbury.”

“ Right, I remember now. But how do they get metal in the air?”

“ They use physics.”

“ Ah, right,” Draco said, thinking back to the physics books he had read in the library, “ But that doesn’t explain the train. I doubt the Muggles have trains that can go over water, and it’s too far to build a bridge over it.”

“ The train doesn’t go over the water, it goes under it. A project was completed last year called the Channel Tunnel...”

“ What!!! You’re telling me the Muggles tunneled *under* the sea? All the way to *France*?!”

“ Yes.”

Draco was impressed. Having spent his life believing Muggles to be weak, it came as quite a shock to him that they were capable of something as sophisticated as tunneling under the Channel. As he thought about it, though, he realised that if he and Heather were going to Paris by train, they would be going under the sea. That thought frightened him a little. After all, while he was impressed by a lot of Muggle things, he didn’t entirely trust their technology.

“ So, this Eurostar is the train that goes through the tunnel,” he said, just to clarify.

“ Yes, it is. The ones that just go from Folkstone to Calais are called Le Shuttle, but the ones that go further on each side of the Channel are called Eurostars. We’ll be boarding it in London and getting off in Paris.”

“ But what if the tunnel collapses,” Draco said, apprehension lacing his voice.

“ That won’t happen. It’s built several miles beneath the sea bed.”

“ What if there’s a fire....”

“ Again, that won’t happen. The trains run pretty frequently, and nothing’s happened so far. Anyway, if there *is* a fire, there are plenty of fire tunnels to escape down.”

“ You’re sure it’s safe?”

“ Yes!”

“ Alright then! Paris, here we come!”

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That weekend, Draco spent hours packing all of his things. He wanted to take all of his clothes, but he knew that he would never fit everything in the suitcase Heather had given him. She had told him that it wasn't practical for him to take his trunk, as they wouldn't be able to put weightless charms on it while in the Muggle world. Heather was also reluctant to shrink it, as she was always apprehensive about using her magic. After all, she was in hiding, and magic could easily be traced by the Ministry.

Eventually, Draco had everything he thought he needed, including both Muggle and wizarding clothes, several books he was reading, his toiletries, his wizarding camera and his wand. Even though he knew he couldn't actually use his wand, he didn't feel safe leaving the house without it. Years of being brought up in a wizarding household had taught him to carry it at all times. A small pouch of galleons was hidden right in the bottom under his clothes, away from the prying eyes of any Muggle thieves he may encounter.

At twelve o'clock, Heather knocked loudly on his door, telling him it was time to leave. Draco quickly zipped up his suitcase and dragged it off the bed, setting it on its wheels and pulling it behind him as he made his way down the stairs. Once he was out of the door, he placed the case in the boot of Heather's car and slipped into the passenger seat. A few minutes later, Heather sat next to him and drove off, heading in the direction of the motorway. No matter how many times Draco went for a trip in a car, the novelty never seemed to wear off.

Eventually, the pair pulled up at the station and Heather paid for the long stay car park. Before the pair knew it, they were sitting on the train and waiting for their journey to begin. Draco was rather excited at the whole affair, having never been on a Muggle train before. Of course, he'd seen them on the way to and from platform 9¾, but had never seen the inside of one. He spent the first ten minutes running up and down the carriage, checking out the restaurant and trying to find out where the conductor was. When the train eventually pulled out of the station, he questioned Heather on why the ride seemed so smooth, and why he couldn't see any steam outside the



window. Laughing, the witch tried to explain that Muggles has progressed beyond steam engines.

As soon as the boy noticed the sea outside the window, he started to become nervous, especially when they passed Folkstone. Before he knew it, the view turned pitch black, broken only by the occasional light speeding past. Heather held his hand for the whole half hour journey under the sea, and the normally stoic Draco accepted the small comfort without question. When they finally emerged from the other side, the young wizard heaved a great sigh of relief, sitting back in his seat to enjoy the rest of the journey.

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Several hours later the train pulled up in the busy Parisian station, and Heather and Draco collected their bags and headed for the nearest metro station. The witch, it seemed, knew exactly where she was going. Draco watched her sure navigation with interest.

“ I take it you’ve been here before,” he stated. Heather smiled slightly at the hidden question.

“ I lived here for a time when I was younger. When Harry rescued me from the Death Eaters, he left me with my sister, the one who raised him. Although she is a Muggle, as is her husband, and hates magic, Harry ‘persuaded’ her to help me. They let me stay with them for a while, until I got myself established in the Muggle world. I took a university course, and later got a job. However, six months after I started work, the company pulled out of Canterbury. I had the choice of losing my job, or moving to France to work in the Paris branch. I loved my job, and didn’t want to give it up, so I moved. I was here twelve years.”

“ What happened? Why did you go back to England?”

“ The company went under, eventually. I was starting to feel a little homesick anyway, so I went back. I knew it would be dangerous, going back to somewhere I needed to be in hiding, but it was worth it in the end.”

“ Did you miss Paris?” Draco asked.

“ A little. Sometimes. I have a lot of good memories of here, and some close friends. In the long run, though, my heart will always be in Britain. I may have to leave again in the future, especially if you tell your father about me, but in the end I'll always return.”

“ I feel the same way. I mean, although the Malfoy family is originally from Normandy, we've lived in England for generations. As a child, I learned our ancestral language, French, and visited our estates here, but I will always consider myself English.”

“ You speak French?”

“ Yes. And Latin. My father made me learn them when I was young. French for our heritage and Latin because it helps to understand the spells when performing them. Generations of Malfoys have been schooled by their parents from a young age to always be ahead of the heirs of other families, and thus maintain superiority.”

“ Malfoys, and the heirs of other pureblood families, must have an enormous amount of pressure placed upon them from a young age.”

“ We do. We have to maintain the ancient traditions. One weak link, one untrained heir, and the line will be lost. Hundreds of years of superiority would be lost.”

“ Does it ever get a bit....much?” Heather asked delicately. Draco thought about it for a minute before replying.

“ I suppose it does. Sometimes it makes you feel trapped. Stifled. As if you have to live up to enormously high expectations, and if you don't you'll be responsible for the fall of the family. Sometimes I wish...”

“ What?”

“ Nothing,” Draco said, shaking his head as if dismissing the thoughts.

“ What? Tell me,” Heather persisted.

“ Sometimes I just want to be a normal kid for a change.”

Heather smiled. That sounded familiar.

## Week Six – The Wonders of Paris

Their hotel was small and comfortable, and Heather and Draco quickly settled into their rooms. They had been placed on the same landing, only a few feet apart, which reassured the young wizard greatly. In a strange part of the Muggle world, he didn't want to be too far from his temporary guardian. Each of their rooms was furnished with a double bed and *en suite* bathroom, with a large luxurious shower. Harry had given his aunt a large sum of money from his vault many years before, so she could afford to treat the pair to a nice hotel. Although it was small, it had all the modern conveniences, and the witch found that the smaller places seemed a lot friendlier than most of the large hotel chains.

The two wizarding folk passed a good first night, and both slept well. The following morning, they met in the dining room and enjoyed a breakfast of croissants and coffee. As soon as they were finished, they went back to their rooms, gathered the things they would need for a sightseeing trip, and headed towards the Metro station. On the way there, Heather decided to find out how much of Muggle Paris the young wizard had seen.

“ So, Draco, have you been to Paris before.”

“ Yes, a few times, when I was younger,” he answered.

“ How much of it have you seen?”

“ Well, we have an estate on the outskirts, and I've visited the wizarding district. Obviously, it's impossible not to notice the Eiffel Tower, but other than that, I've not seen much.”

“ Good, that means I'll have plenty to show you. Today, I think we'll start with the main tourist attractions, such as the Tower, Notre Dame, the Arc de Triomphe, Sacré Coeur, and the Champs Élysées. Tomorrow, we'll visit the Louvre, as that will take almost a whole day in itself. Then, on Tuesday, I'll take you to somewhere you're sure to enjoy a lot, bearing in mind your love of Disney films...”

“ Where?” Draco asked, puzzled. He couldn't see how his enjoyment of animated films would lead to a day trip in Paris.

“ You’ll see when we get there,” Heather said, mysteriously.

Draco fully enjoyed his first experiences of Muggle Paris. The pair started at the Eiffel Tower, taking a trip right to the top. The boy found the view to be spectacular, and he marveled at how Muggles could create such an amazing structure, especially so long ago. Heather smiled at his naïveté, telling him that the Eiffel Tower was far from the greatest Muggle architectural achievement. After the Tower, they headed along the bank of the Seine to Notre Dame, where Draco took photographs of the stunning stained glass windows. Their next stop brought them to the Arc de Triomphe, where Heather decided to give Draco a history lesson.

“ You know, this was the site of a great wizarding battle in 1944.”

“ Really?”

“ Yes. On the 30th March, Grindelwald attacked Paris, and the Order of the Phoenix, led by Dumbledore and Harry, fought him here. They killed or injured forty two of Grindelwald’s followers, and drove off an entire army of Dementors. It was also the place Harry and his friends were captured.”

“ Potter was captured?” Draco asked in surprise.

“ Yes,” Heather said, quietly, the idea of what the four time travellers suffered making her shudder, “ Their group was divided, Harry and Ginny being taken to Czechoslovakia, to Grindelwald’s headquarters, and Hermione and Ron going to a Muggle concentration camp in Poland.”

“ What happened to them?” Draco asked, curious despite his dislike of the people she was speaking of.

“ They were tortured, of course. Ginny mentally and Harry physically. Hermione and Ron had to endure forced labour and hard treatment. They didn’t break, though, which is truly a miracle. They may be scarred, and mentally damaged, but they are stronger for the experience.”

“ Potter was tortured?”

“ Yes.”

Draco went quiet for a while after that, thinking over what Heather had told him. He knew Potter had travelled through time and lived in some of the most hostile periods of wizarding history, but it never occurred to him that the Boy-Who-Lived could be touched by something as terrible as physical torture. Despite his dislike of his rival, Draco didn't like the idea of anyone suffering like that. This train of thought inevitably led to his future as a Death Eater. If he did as his father wished and joined Voldemort's ranks, he would have to both inflict and suffer intense torture. The idea made him shudder with revulsion.

After the Arc de Triomphe, the pair headed down the Champs Élysées. As it was a weekend, the shops were understandably busy, but not as bad as they would have been in the tourist season. The young wizard insisted on going in all of the souvenir shops, marveling at the various knick knacks Muggles collected. After buying several postcards, a fridge magnet, two t-shirts and a model of the Eiffel Tower, Draco was dragged away by Heather, who decided he had bought enough junk for one day. She couldn't restrain him, though, when he spotted the Disney Store. His eyes lit up, and he went running into it like a two-year-old. Heather, let out a resigned, but amused, sigh, and followed him into the shop. Her young charge was running around the shop, exclaiming at the soft toys and avidly reading the backs of the video cases.

“ Heather! Can I get this one?” he said, holding up a video of The Black Cauldron.

“ Sure, if you want,” she said with a laugh.

Half an hour later, a decidedly frazzled Heather managed to drag Draco out of the shop and to MacDonald's for lunch. The rest of the afternoon was spent looking around the shops before they headed to see the Basilique du Sacré Coeur. The last place they visited was Montmartre, before heading back to the hotel to pass a quiet evening.

The next day, the witch and the wizard headed to the Louvre bright and early. Draco was bemused by the glass pyramid, not understanding its purpose. Heather smiled at him and took him

inside the museum. She had been there many times before when she lived in Paris, so she knew the best things to show him. Starting with the Oriental and Egyptian antiques, they headed to the Greek and Etruscan sections, ending up looking through the Roman things around midday. After a quick lunch, they started on the art sections of the museum. Draco was rather pleased when he saw the Mona Lisa, having read about it in one of the library books over the last few weeks. He was a bit surprised at first, though; having thought that the painting would be bigger.

Once the pair had finished looking at the art, they headed to the huge underground complex beneath the Louvre, meandering through the various exhibitions and shops it housed. By the end of the day, Heather and Draco were exhausted. After spending the whole of the last two days on their feet, walking from one place to the other, it was understandable. Heather told her companion that he had better have an early night, as the next day would be especially exciting. Draco readily agreed, and fell asleep as soon as his head hit the pillow.

Tuesday morning dawned, and Heather knocked on Draco's door at seven in the morning, waking him up. The teenager opened the door several minutes later with a huge scowl on his face. Heather chuckled and grinned at him.

"Come on, Draco. If you want to go out for the day, you have to get up early."

"Yes," he grumbled, "But I don't recall you waking me up quite this early that last two days."

"That's because I didn't," Heather said with a smirk.

"Then why are you doing it today?!"

"Because today we're going out of Paris. Not far, just to the outskirts, but if we want to fill our day we need to leave early. Especially to beat the crowds."

"Crowds? What sort of place attracts crowds in October?"

Heather just smiled secretively and headed back to her room.

Twenty minutes later the pair met up at the entrance to the hotel, ready to leave for the day. Heather made sure Draco had his camera and plenty of money, as she felt he would need it.

“Where are we going?” he asked again, as the pair got out of the metro and headed towards street level.

“I’m sure you’ll like it, Draco. It’s what Muggles call a theme park, and it opened only three years ago. There are two like it in America, and one in Japan.”

“What do they have at a theme park?” Draco asked.

“Oh, shops, hotels, roller coasters...”

“Roller coasters?”

“Yes. Muggle amusement rides, with small trains on tracks. You’ll understand when we get there.”

Draco just nodded his head, accepting what Heather was telling him but not really understanding it. As they rounded a corner and ended up in front of the main gates to the theme park, though, Draco’s mouth fell open and he stared at the sight before him in amazement. Heather smiled and gestured to the place she had brought him.

“Draco, welcome to Disneyland.”

Draco was in heaven. Never in his wildest dreams had he imagined anything so wonderful. As far as he was concerned, this was the closest Muggles could get to making something magical, and it had nothing to do with wands and spells. The atmosphere of the place was electric, and it made his heart sing. Draco spent the entire day trying out every ride he could, meeting all of the Disney characters, and taking photographs left, right and centre. His favourite was of himself and Heather standing outside Sleeping Beauty’s castle in the Disneyland Park.

In the afternoon, Heather took the teenager to the Walt Disney Studios Park, where he could see how his beloved films were



created. All in all, it was a day to remember, and Draco put it down as the best day of his life so far. In the wizarding world, he had always had so many expectations to fulfill, and the image of a Malfoy to maintain. Here, in the Muggle world, with Heather, he was free to run around like a five year old and act like a child for a change. It was as if the rest of his life he had been trapped, kept perfectly in a gilded cage that, while perfect in every way, was stifling. For two months he had been offered a respite from all of that, where he could act like himself for a change, and not how he was expected to act. Of course, some things were ingrained, but his newfound freedom and carefree lifestyle was doing wonders for him. After all, would any of his fellow Slytherins be seen dead holding hands with Donald Duck?

The following morning Draco was once again roused from his slumber far earlier than he would have liked. It was necessary, though, as it was the day he and Heather would be going back to England. Morosely, Draco packed all of his belongings into his suitcase and shoved his wand in his coat pocket. He liked to have it on hand, even if he couldn't use it. When he was done, he made his way to the reception area and struck up a conversation with the clerk as he waited for his guardian to arrive. Ten minutes later, he was out of the door and heading for the metro station with Heather hot on his heels. Both of them were sad to be leaving Paris, Heather because she missed living there, and Draco because he had had such a good time. They both knew they had to go home, though.

The train ride was incredibly boring, as most return journeys were. Journeys always seemed to go more quickly when you were looking forward to arriving. On the way home, though, time seemed to drag as you knew you would be going back to your normal life. Not that Draco's life in the Muggle world was normal for him, but he had gotten into a pattern of sorts, and the break had been a welcome change. The boy barely noticed when the Eurostar entered the Channel Tunnel and headed towards Folkstone.

Eventually the train pulled up at the London station and the pair got off, pulling their suitcases behind them. Before long they had navigated their way through the rush hour crowd and located Heather's car. The motorway was a nightmare as it was just after five

o'clock, and it wasn't the best time to try leaving London. As soon as they pulled up at Heather's house, Evelyn turned up to greet them.

"Draco!" she called, waving to him. The morose boy immediately brightened at her presence.

"Evie! It's great to see you, how has your weekend been?"

"Lonely. It's boring when you're not here to talk to."

Draco felt a pang in his chest. Evie had missed him. Him, Draco Malfoy. Not for his money, not for his name, not for his family's power. Because he was her friend. It made him feel good. Impulsively, he pulled the startled girl into a hug.

"I missed you too, Evie. I brought you some souvenirs, I hope you like them."

The pair wandered off together as Heather took the bags in the house, and ended up at Evelyn's house. Her mother was pleased to see the young wizard again, and invited him in for dinner. After calling Heather to tell her he wouldn't be back for a while, he sat down with Evie and her family and ate the delicious meal Mrs. McCarthy had prepared. Over dinner, Draco told the family all about his trip, and Evie was in awe when he told her about Disneyland. The boy promised to give her the presents he had brought her after they had eaten, and Evelyn couldn't wait. The girl's parents watched in amusement at the animated pair, pleased that their daughter had finally found a friend, even if he happened to be several years older than her. After a while, Mr. McCarthy decided to join the conversation. He had been to Paris a few times before, so he knew some of the places the young wizard had been describing.

"So, Draco, what was your favourite part of the Louvre?"

"The Egyptian section, definitely, although the Mona Lisa was quite impressive. There was this one piece in the Egyptian jewelry section that was absolutely stunning. It was a solid gold necklace with a piece that covers the upper chest. The detail in the carvings on it was amazing. I was never aware that the ancient Egyptians were capable of such craftsmanship. There were hieroglyphics

surrounding a carved image of a hawk and gryphon, with a snake surrounding the bird. At the top was a row of zigzags. It was quite splendid. The description said the animals represented some of the early Egyptian gods.”

“ I don’t recall seeing that one. I’ll have to have another look the next time I’m there.”

“ Draco, honey,” Mrs. McCarthy said, “ We’re taking Evie to the cinema at the weekend to see Pocahontas, the latest Disney film. Would you like to come with us?”

Draco’s eyes immediately lit up, and a grin appeared on his face.

“ That would be wonderful, thank you! I’ve never been to the cinema before.”

“ You haven’t?” Evelyn asked in confusion, a frown marring her forehead, “ How strange. I thought everyone’d been to the cinema at least once in their life, especially at your age.”

“ I had a sheltered childhood, Evie,” Draco said, trying to explain without mentioning magic, “ My father didn’t approve of cinemas.”

“ Weird,” Evie muttered.

“ You have no idea,” Draco whispered.

That Saturday found Draco and Evelyn sitting in the back of the McCarthy’s car heading to Canterbury and the cinema. The two youngsters chatted animatedly in the back, playing games of ‘I spy’ and singing various Disney songs. It was during a rather off key rendition of ‘I Just Can’t Wait to be King’ that the car pulled up in the car park and the small group got out and headed for the cinema. As it was the opening weekend, the place was packed, but the small group managed to get seats together, as they had arrived early.

As soon as Draco entered the cinema and saw the size of the screen, his eyes grew wide and he stood gaping like a fish. It was like a television, only a thousand times better. Mr. McCarthy chuckled and whispered in his ear.

“ Wait until you see an IMAX screen, then you’ll know what big is.”

“ What’s an IMAX?” Draco asked, dazed.

“ I saw one in America. It’s a giant screen that fills your entire field of vision. Quite impressive.”

Draco just nodded his head absently and followed Evie to their seats. As soon as the adverts started, he jumped in surprise at how loud the volume was. Once his ears had gotten used to it, he relaxed a little more. He started bouncing in his seat when the trailers started, claiming that he wanted to see all of the films that were advertised. Eventually, though, the film started, and Draco and Evie became engrossed in the colourful animation. When the film finally came to an end, Draco started babbling on about it, and how wonderful it was. Evie was equally enthusiastic, singing the odd bar of ‘Colours of the Wind’ as they queued to leave. Before they left their row of seats, though, Draco became still as felt a faint tingle of something familiar. Magic. Before he could say anything, shouts and crashes could be heard outside, and the roof gave an almighty groan before crashing down on the crowd below.

## Week Seven – Helpless

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The first thing Draco thought when he regained consciousness was, *I feel like I just had the sky fall on me*. It took him a few minutes to remember that that was very nearly what had actually happened. When his headache receded a little and his vision became less blurry, the young boy looked around as best he could, trying to assess the situation. From what he could remember, he had been on his way out of the cinema when he heard voices shouting curses. He vaguely remembered the ceiling giving an almighty groan, and then nothing. *A Death Eater attack*, he thought, as he looked around at the damage. A small shaft of light penetrated the otherwise dark area, allowing him to make out the extent of the devastation. He was surrounded by huge piles of rubble, which reached all the way up to what was left of the ceiling. Water was dripping from somewhere, freezing the lower half of his body. People were lying everywhere, most of whom were beneath piles of concrete. The sight made the young wizard slightly nauseous, and he had to breathe heavily for a few minutes before his stomach settled enough for him to move. When he did, he let out a groan of pain as agony burst through his head. Gingerly touching his forehead, he pulled his hand away and looked at the congealed blood on his fingers. *Something must have hit me*, he thought, looking at the gore, *but at least I'm better off than most*.

After a few minutes of collecting himself, he gingerly sat up and looked around. It suddenly occurred to him that Evelyn and her family was nowhere to be found. Panicking slightly, he frantically started to shift the debris off of the people lying dead and unconscious, seeking a familiar face. He groaned in frustration when he realised that he wouldn't be able to move anything with magic. That sudden thought prompted him to remove his wand from his trouser pocket, and he let out a sigh of relief when he found it to be unbroken. With a groan of frustration, and little else to do as he had moved all he could manually, he pointed the wand at the nearest rock and muttered to himself.

“ Well, it's not like it'll do anything, but Wingardium Leviosa.”

Much to his surprise, the small chunk of concrete wobbled a few times before unsteadily lifting off the floor slightly. Draco was so surprised that he let out a small yelp and the rock fell to the floor once more. The young wizard looked at his wand in disbelief, before shakily pointing it at a larger chunk and repeating the spell. This time, the concrete shuddered violently and levitated slightly, but not as much as the other had. Deciding to give it one last try, Draco aimed at a large boulder covering a young woman, and said the spell in a strong voice. The debris vibrated slightly, but nothing else happened.

“ Great,” he murmured in frustration, “ My magic’s starting to come back, but it’s too weak to be of any use.”

Slightly disheartened, Draco tried a few more spells to see what he could do, soon realising that he could perform some of the first year, low level spells, but to a limited extent. His most successful was the Lumos spell, which enabled him to conduct a more thorough search of the area in the hopes of finding his friend. He eventually located her not too far from where he had woken up. She had a large cut of her head, much like he did, but other than that she seemed unharmed. Rushing over, he knelt next to the small girl and brushed matted hair out of her face, and laid her down more comfortably before trying an Enervate spell. She seemed to stir at first, but then drifted back to unconsciousness. After a few more tries of the spell, Draco managed to wake her with a light shake. Groaning, she pushed herself into a sitting position and took in her surroundings, looking at Draco with a small frown creasing her forehead.

“ What happened?”

“ The roof collapsed. We’re stuck in here.”

“ Why did the roof collapse?”

There was a question Draco really didn’t want to answer. If he told her the truth, she wouldn’t believe him, and if he lied to her, and she later discovered the truth, she wouldn’t be happy with him. Telling her the truth was a bad idea as well, though, as Draco knew how people’s minds worked. If he told her that wizards had attacked them, and revealed that he too was a wizard, she might hate him for it. He

knew he was being irrational, but she was his first real friend, and he didn't want to risk losing her. He settled for telling her a half truth.

"Some...bad men came, and attacked the cinema. They made the roof collapse, and we're stuck down here until someone comes to help."

"Oh," came the defeated reply.

Draco then realised how helpless he really was. Here he was, stuck under a mound of concrete with a load of dead and injured people, and there was nothing he could do about it. He felt helpless because he couldn't move the rocks. He felt helpless because he couldn't signal for help. He felt helpless because he couldn't try to heal the hurt, and he felt helpless because he couldn't defend himself against a Death Eater attack. It was as if a switch had been flipped in his head. For the first time in his life, he truly understood what it was like to be a Muggle. Over the past six weeks, he had experienced a life without the convenience of magic, and had seen the wonders of the Muggle world, but underneath, he had still felt like a wizard. Of course, he couldn't cast spells, but then he wasn't constantly casting spells in the wizarding world either. Now, though, in a situation he couldn't control, he was completely at the mercy of the world around him. A piece of the roof could fall and crush him. A Death Eater could find his way inside and kill him. He could die from hypothermia from the water on the floor and the cold weather. For the first time in his life, he was completely helpless, and he didn't like it one bit. He was pulled from his thoughts by a cold, clammy hand being placed on his arm.

"Draco? Draco, where are my Mam and Dad?"

"I don't know," the blond told her, "I haven't been able to find them yet. It took me long enough to find *you*."

"We need to find them," the girl cried in a trembling voice. Draco quickly wrapped his arms around her and hugged her tightly, whispering comforting words to her.

"We will, Evie, we will."

As soon as the girl had calmed down, the pair began a thorough search of the air pocket they found themselves in. Evie was disturbed by the dead people, but her concern for her parents drove her on. Several minutes later, Draco heard a heart stopping cry from the other end of their prison, and he quickly ran over to the sobbing girl. Looking down at what she had found, he saw Mr. McCarthy buried under a large piece of the ceiling. Kneeling down, he pressed his fingers to his neck, searching in vain for a pulse. A moment later, he stood up again and pulled the trembling girl into his arms once more.

“ I’m sorry, Evie,” he whispered, a lump in his throat, “ He’s dead.”

Draco was rather shocked when the child in his arms let out a long, resounding wail of despair. It wasn’t the sound that disturbed him, though; it was the vibrations that rocked the small prison. The ground trembled, and the walls of debris on either side of them started to fall backwards away from them. By the time Evie quieted down, much of the rubble had shifted away from them considerably, revealing the people who had previously been buried. Draco stood in shock as he took in the implications of such an event. Evelyn was a witch. She had just performed accidental magic.

He didn’t even know why he was surprised. After all, her great aunt had been a witch, and some Muggle families had a few Muggleborn witches and wizards crop up over the years. The fact that Evie could perform magic gave him hope, though. If he could show her a few simple things with his wand, they may still get out of the whole fiasco alive. He looked over at the girl, who was now crumpled at her father’s side, holding his cold hand and sobbing uncontrollably. With a sigh, Draco decided he had better look for Mrs. McCarthy. It didn’t take him long to find her, and when he did he let out a huge sigh of relief. She was still alive, but unconscious. Her whole lower body had been crushed under a boulder, which had now been moved by Evelyn’s show of accidental magic. He quickly checked the woman over, making sure she wouldn’t come to any more harm, and stopping the blood slowly seeping out of several gashes. Once he was sure he had done all he could, he tried a few low level healing spells he had come across before, most of which didn’t work. One to stop her bleeding did, though, but he wasn’t sure how long it would



last with the little amount of power he had been able to put into it. With luck, though, it would hold until he could get help. Thinking of help, he looked back over to his distressed friend and called out to her.

“ Evie, you need to come over here. Your mother’s hurt.”

The girl looked up at him with bloodshot eyes filled with grief, and her blank stare indicated that she didn’t understand what he was telling her.

“ Evie,” he repeated, “ I need you to come over here. Your mother needs help.”

“ Sh-she’s alive?” she said in a trembling voice.

“ Yes, she is,” Draco reassured her, “ But she won’t be if we don’t go and get some help.”

Evelyn understood this time, and scrambled over to where her mother lay. Resting her small hand on the woman’s burning forehead, she let out a sob of relief and fell into Draco’s arms for a third time. Once her sobs had subsided, Draco turned her to face him and grasped her face tightly in both hands, forcing her to look at him.

“ Evie, I need you to listen to me. What I’m about to tell you may seem strange, but I just need you to accept it for the moment, alright?”

When she nodded slightly, her eyes clouded in confusion, he soldiered on.

“ Evie, I’m not going to explain it all now, because it will take too long, but what I’m telling you is the absolute truth. Magic is real, Evie. We were attacked by a group of Dark wizards known as Death Eaters. They’re intent on destroying non-magical people. There are also good wizards, though, who try to fight them whenever they can. Are you with me so far?”

Evelyn nodded, her eyes wide with a hint of skepticism in their depths. Draco heaved a sigh and lifted his wand. With a muttered

Lumos, the end of the wand lit up, making the girl in front of him jump in surprise.

“ H-how did you do that?” she asked in disbelief.

“ With magic. I’m one of them, a wizard that is, but I’m not a bad one. I won’t hurt you, I promise. You need to do what I tell you, though. Your mother needs medical attention, so we need to go outside and try to find help. If any of the Death Eaters are still out there, we have to try and avoid them at all costs, understand?”

Again, she nodded in acceptance, still wide eyed.

“ Good. Now, there’s one more thing I need to tell you. Do you remember what happened a minute ago when the earth vibrated and the rocks moved?”

“ Yes.”

“ That was you. You performed some accidental magic, which tells me that you are what is known as a Muggleborn witch. A magical person born of non-magical parents. Don’t panic!” he said, as he saw the alarm in her eyes, “ It’s nothing to worry about. It just means that I need you to do some things for me. You see, when I left my school, I had a spell cast on me that took away my magic for eight weeks, which is why I’m here. My ability is just starting to come back, but it’s not strong enough to do anything of use. This is why I need you to perform some spells for me.”

“ B-but it can’t be real! Magic isn’t real!”

“ It is, Evie, all of it. Now, will you help me?”

“ I don’t know any magic, or spells, and I don’t have one of those wands that you have...”

“ You can use my wand. It’s not like I can do anything useful with it. And I’ll tell you the spells. In fact, the first thing I want you to do is cast some healing spells on your mother.”

“ A-alright,” she said, highly disturbed by everything she had just heard. She didn’t know what to believe about the whole thing. Draco had asked her to trust him, so she was going to do just that. He was her friend, after all, and had managed to light up the end of his wand. With a sigh, she turned to the battered form of her mother and raised the wand she had just been handed. Draco told her how to wave it and what to say. After a few tries, she was amazed when a soft glow emanated from the piece of wood, and some of the more superficial wounds began to heal right before her eyes.

Once Draco was sure Evelyn had done all she could with her mother, he dragged her to her feet and tightly clasped her hand before leading her out of a recently created gap in the rubble. After a large amount of climbing, they finally made it to the street, where he was pleased to see the Death Eater attack was dying down. Most of the buildings in the street were in ruins, and some were on fire. Most of the Muggles seemed to be either dead, injured, or had managed to run away. There were only a few of the most evil Death Eaters left, who were still enjoying torturing some unfortunate Muggles. Draco squeezed Evelyn’s hand tightly.

“ We need to get to a phone. I have to contact Heather so she can call the Aurors. We need to avoid the men in black robes, but if we run into any of them, point my wand and say ‘Stupefy’. Hopefully it’ll knock whoever it hits unconscious. Come on.”

Tugging gently on the witch’s hand, he led her around the corner and down the street, trying to keep hidden in the shadows and behind piles of bricks. They were almost at a phone box when a chillingly familiar voice sounded behind them.

“ Well, well, well, what do we have here?” the sneering voice said, “ A couple of Muggles trying to escape.”

Draco whirled around and looked in horror at the masked Death Eater in front of him. Thinking quickly, he pushed a terrified and confused Evelyn behind him to protect her in any way he could. As soon as he turned around, Draco knew that the man in front of him was in shock. The aura of power he had been giving off changed dramatically.

“ Draco,” the black clad figure stated in disbelief.

“ Hello Father,” the younger blond replied defiantly. Evie gasped at this revelation, but Draco remained perfectly still, waiting for his father to collect his thoughts.

“ Son, what are you doing here?” Lucius Malfoy hissed, rage filling his voice.

“ I was at the cinema until you and your band of merry men came along and dropped a roof on me!” Draco spat, rage filling him as he looked at the man who was responsible for the suffering of countless Muggles, “ I just managed to escape with my life!”

“ What I meant, Draco, is what are you doing *here*? You should be at Hogwarts, not prancing around the Muggle world! And with a filthy Mudblood as well!”

“ Don’t call her that!” Draco yelled in a rage. Having seen now first hand what Death Eaters did, Draco had made up his mind once and for all. Having experienced life as a Muggle for six weeks, and having learned first hand how they suffered from the attacks, there was no way Draco would add to their suffering by joining Voldemort. People he cared about had been hurt, and that made it wrong for the young Slytherin on a very personal level.

“ I will call *it* what *it* is, Draco. Now, step aside. We will discuss this later.”

“ No, I won’t move, and we won’t discuss this later,” Draco spat, “ Her name is Evelyn and she’s my friend. You *won’t* hurt her. I won’t let you”

Lucius’ eyes narrowed dangerously as he watched his wayward heir defend the small girl cowering behind him.

“ So be it. Have it your way. Crucio!”

As the curse hit the younger wizard, Evelyn let out a scream of rage, pointing the wand in her hand at the masked man in front of her. Lucius laughed at her, but the smirk was wiped from his face

when she hit him with an incredibly powerful stunning curse. As the elder Malfoy crumpled to the floor, Evie moved over to a shuddering Draco and smoothed the hair from his forehead as he gasped, slowly recovering from the intense pain. Before he lost consciousness, he handed Evie a ten pence piece and told her to call Heather. With a final groan of pain, he let the darkness encompass him.

### Week Eight – All Good Things

The rest of the week was like a blur to Draco and Evie. Mrs. McCarthy went to the hospital and stayed in intensive care. Heather took Evelyn in for the time being, just while her mother was in hospital, and helped to make the funeral arrangements for Evelyn's father. Draco spent much of the week in a state of shock. The first three days after the attack he had stayed in bed recovering from the ordeal, Evelyn curled up at his side, her thin arms wrapped tightly around his waist. The end of the battle was a mystery to him, as he had fallen unconscious soon after Evie stupefied his father. The last thing he remembered was telling her to call Heather. Next thing he knew he was lying in his bed at the older witch's house, staring at the ceiling. Evie had yet to say anything, seemingly in her own little world since the shock of losing her father and almost losing her mother as well. The fact that she had just discovered that she was a witch pushed her over the edge, and she lay motionless next to her best friend.

By the end of the third day, Draco started to recover slightly. The after effects of the Cruciatus had made him sore and stiff, and his lying in bed hadn't done him any good. However, it had given him the opportunity to think about a lot of things. The first was the things he had said to his father. Even though it was likely the Malfoy patriarch had been shipped off to Azkaban as soon as the Aurors arrived, he still felt a little uneasy. Lucius Malfoy had a lot of power and influence in the wizarding world, and it wasn't a good idea to defy him, especially when you were his heir. Draco was also still recovering from the rather important decision he had made. All of his life his father had been telling him that one day the Dark Lord would return to purge the earth of Muggles and Mudbloods, and that he, Draco, would take a place at his side. Not knowing any better, Draco had never questioned it. It was his destiny, and he never thought he would want to change it. His father had filled him with hate for the non-magical people of the world, and Draco had accepted it as all children did when their parents taught them values. It had taken this rather unorthodox lesson to teach him the truth about the Muggle world. Although he had resisted as much as possible, somehow Heather and Evelyn had managed to show him that there was more to life than crawling before the Dark Lord. It didn't mean that he was

about to praise the Weasleys or become best friends with Potter, but it was a good start.

The next thing he had to sort out in his mind was Evelyn. She had been silent for three days, hardly moving at all, and clinging to Draco like a lifeline. The blond could understand to some extent what she felt like. Her family had fallen apart right in front of her eyes. She had watched her father be killed, and her mother almost end up the same way. She was sure to be traumatised. And unlike Draco, who made the decision to defy his father, she didn't ask for the life she knew to end. The worst Draco was facing was being disinherited, but Evie had to rebuild her life entirely. He couldn't imagine what she must be going through.

On the fourth day, Draco dragged himself out of the bed and made his way to the bathroom down the hall, stretching his aching muscles as he went. After a long luxurious shower, he pulled on a set of clean clothes and tucked Evie under the duvet, before heading downstairs. He found Heather in the living room watching the TV. She looked up when she saw him, a relieved smile on her face.

"Draco! You're finally up. You had me worried."

"Sorry, Heather, but I had a few things to work out before I faced the world."

"I see. How's Evelyn?"

Draco looked at the floor, a sad look on his face.

"She still hasn't said anything. She's sleeping at the moment; I didn't have the heart to wake her. I can't imagine what she must be going through."

"It's going to be hard for her," Heather said, "I just hope you're willing to help her put her life back together."

"Of course I will, she's my best friend! Anyway, I owe her a life debt. She stupefied my father when he was torturing me."

"What!" Heather exclaimed.

“ You didn’t know?” the blond asked with a frown.

“ No. I was waiting for you to wake up to find out what happened. Most of the people in the area were dead or unconscious, except for Evelyn, who has been in shock since the Aurors arrived, and hasn’t spoken a word. What happened, Draco?”

“ Well, there’s not much to tell. We went to the cinema, to see Pocahontas. Everything was great; we were having a great time. The film was really good...” Draco trailed off, going off in a little Disney world of his own. Heather gave a little cough to regain his attention, an amused smile on her face. Draco started, and blushed lightly.

“ Sorry. Anyway, we were about to leave, when I heard shouting and explosions outside. I knew what was happening, because I could hear curses being shouted, but before I could warn anybody, the ceiling collapsed on us. When I woke up, I tried to find Evie and her family. Evie was alright, just a little bruised and I managed to wake her after trying the enervate spell a few times...”

“ You can do magic again?!” Heather interrupted.

“ It’s starting to come back slowly. I can do weak versions of low level spells, but nothing more.”

Taking out his wand, Draco pointed it at Heather’s teacup.

“ Wingardium Leviosa.”

The teacup wobbled a little, before gently rising from the coffee table. Setting it gently back down, he did the same thing to a book, and it shuddered before rising unsteadily. On his third try, a potted plant, the leaves shook and the pot vibrated, but it didn’t rise more than an inch off the floor.

“ As you can see, I have limits, even with simple spells, but that’s more than I could do the other day, so it must be getting stronger.”

“ That’s good to hear, Draco. After all, you’ll be going back to Hogwarts at the end of next week.”



At Heather's words, Draco suddenly realised he would be going back to school very soon. The thought made him happy, because he would be back in the Wizarding world where he belonged, but on the other hand there were a lot of things in the Muggle world he would miss. Most important were Evelyn and Heather. Evelyn was his best friend, and Heather, despite being his nemesis' aunt, had become almost like a mother to him. Narcissa Malfoy had always been more interested in balls and galas than her own son, so for the aristocratic youth it was nice to find a woman who looked after him. He would miss both of them dearly. Not to mention such things as the television, light bulbs, and the fridge. Of course, he would miss Disney films as well, but he secretly hoped to watch his videos as soon as the opportunity arose. His contemplations were disturbed when Heather lightly placed her hand on his shoulder.

"You know, Draco, you can come and visit whenever you like. I'm not going anywhere."

"I don't think my father would allow that."

"Your father won't be in a position to complain. He's been shipped off to Azkaban."

"Really?" Draco asked, hope in his voice.

"Yes. What happened to him? The Aurors found him near you, unconscious."

"How far did I tell you?"

"You found Evie."

"Right, so we started looking for her parents, and we found her father under some rubble. He was dead. Naturally, Evie was a bit upset. She performed her first bit of accidental magic, blasting a load of the rubble out of the way. It cleared a way out, and uncovered her mother, who was dying. She was confused, so I explained to her about magic, as briefly as possible, and gave her my wand. After all, even untrained, she could perform stronger magic than me at the moment. I taught her a few basic healing charms, and we managed to stabilise her mother, before leaving to find help. Unfortunately, we

ran into my father. He wanted to know what I was doing there, in the Muggle world, with a Mudblood. I-I yelled at him. I told him she was my friend, and that he couldn't hurt her. I also told him I wouldn't join the Death Eaters and hurt people. He put me under the Cruciatus and Evie managed to stupefy him. The last thing I remember is sending her to call you."

"You turned your father down?" Heather said in surprise.

"Yes," the blond whispered, looking at the floor. Heather reached forward and placed her fingers under his chin, lightly tilting his head up and looking him in the eyes.

"Draco, you made the right choice."

"I know."

"Good. I suppose you want to know what happened after you blacked out?"

"Yeah, please."

"Well, I got a call from Evelyn. She sounded frantic, talking about her father being dead, and you not moving. She was worried sick. She said that men in black robes were attacking, and that your father had hurt you. I figured it was a Death Eater attack, and fire called Harry. He alerted the Aurors and the Order of the Phoenix, who came to the rescue."

"You called Potter?"

"Well, I couldn't call the Ministry, could I? They would have arrested me. And I couldn't call Dumbledore, as he thinks I'm dead. Harry was the only one I could get in touch with quickly. Fortunately, he was near the fire when I called. If he hadn't been, I would have had to call someone else, which would have been disastrous."

"I suppose. What happened next?"

"Well, Harry brought you and Evelyn back here, and we put you to bed. He was a bit confused when he found a little girl clinging to you

at the scene of the battle, but he figured you must know her. She wasn't saying anything at this point. I spoke to him about what had been happening since the last time he was here, and he went to find out what happened to the McCarthys. Mr. McCarthy was taken to the morgue, and Mrs. McCarthy went to the local hospital. She's stable at the moment, but you have to bear in mind that Muggle medicine is nowhere near as effective as magic. She'll be there recovering for a couple of months. In the meantime, I'm looking after Evie and sorting out the funeral for her father. It's scheduled for next week, so I hope you'll go with us. I think Evie will need the support."

Draco nodded in agreement, thinking over everything he had been told. Eventually he reached forward and squeezed Heather's hand, before getting to his feet.

"I'd better go and check on Evie."

It took another two days before Evelyn would even come out of Draco's room. The boy had sat by her side talking to her and comforting her all the time, trying to get her to speak and eat. She was holding her grief in, and it was tearing her apart. When he happened to mention that her father's funeral was going to take place two days later, a single tear fell down her porcelain white skin. Wrapping his arms around the fragile child, Draco began to rock her backwards and forwards. After a few minutes, her small frame began to shake violently with her sobs. Draco let out a sigh of relief. If she could openly grieve, it would help her to heal. She needed to mourn, otherwise she'd be locked in a state of catatonia forever. When she had cried herself out and fallen asleep, the blond boy placed her gently in bed and tucked her in, making sure she was comfortable.

The next day she had gone downstairs and eaten. She even spoke to Heather and Draco briefly, before starting to sob again. She spent the whole day with her best friend, crying off and on and needing a lot of hugs from the young wizard. Draco and Heather were relieved that she was letting it all out, though. In the early evening, they took her to the hospital where she got to see her mother. The woman was still in intensive care, but seemed to be recovering well. They had a short conversation, telling her that her husband was to be buried the next

day, causing her to cry long and hard. Evie was given some time alone with her mother before they left. On the way out, Heather asked the Irish woman if there were any family members she could contact. She also mentioned the fact that Evelyn was a witch. At this news, Heather was given the name of Mrs. McCarthy's aunt, who was a witch herself.

The following day found Evie, Heather and Draco, along with assorted members of the McCarthy family who had been reached, standing in a church saying goodbye to Mr. McCarthy. The service was traditional and beautiful, making Evie cry all the more. Draco clutched her hand all the way through the service, lending her as much strength as she needed. At the end of the service, as the coffin was being lowered into the ground, Draco discreetly took out his wand and performed some simple preservation charms, and blessed the coffin. Evelyn watched, fascinated, as he did what little he could to ease her suffering. Nothing he did could bring her father back, but the least he could do was repay her for saving his life by always being there to support her.

The Tuesday of Draco's last week in the Muggle world brought a post owl with an official looking scroll attached to its leg. He took one look at it and realised what it was. He had been expecting it for a week, and was surprised it hadn't come earlier. Evelyn, who had been sitting next to him on the sofa watching *The Lion King*, was a little shocked by the appearance of an owl at the window.

"Draco, why's there an owl here? And what does it have tied to its leg?" she asked in awe.

"It's a post owl. In the Wizarding world, it's how we communicate. When you go to Hogwarts, I'll get you an owl so you can send post to your mother."

"I'm going to your school?" she asked, confused.

"Well, as you're a witch, you'll need to be taught magic at some point. When you turn eleven, you'll receive your Hogwarts letter, no doubt."

"Wow. So, you send post by owls? How strange!"

“ You’ll get used to it,” Draco said, taking the scroll from the owl’s leg and offering it some popcorn. The bird looked at it in disgust before turning back towards the window. Before it could fly off, Draco spoke up.

“ Wait! I’ll need to send some letters, and I don’t have my own owl here.”

The avian glared at him, but settled down to wait while the blond opened up his scroll and looked sadly at the words. Hearing the commotion, Heather had come in from the kitchen to see what was going on. As soon as Draco finished reading the letter, he sat down heavily and looked at the two witches.

“ It’s from the Ministry of Magic. I’ve officially been disinherited. I still have the money in my trust fund, but everything else is gone. I can’t go back to Malfoy Manor, and I won’t receive any of the family wealth when my father dies. I have also been officially disowned.”

“ Oh, Draco, that’s awful!” Evie exclaimed, wrapping her arms around his waist.

“ It’s not like I wasn’t expecting it. No-one crosses Lucius Malfoy and gets away with it, and I not only refused to follow his precious Master, but I also got him sent to Azkaban. I’m lucky this is the worst he did. In fact, it’s not that bad. I may not have the status I had before, but I still have enough money to finish Hogwarts. The only thing I need to work out is where I’m going to stay in the holidays.”

“ Well that’s easily solved,” Heather said, “ You can stay with me.”

Draco gave her a stunned look.

“ B-but I’m not your responsibility. And you’ll have Potter wanting to stay here, now that he knows he has somewhere else to go other than your sister’s place.”

“ I know you’re not my responsibility, Draco, but I must admit you’ve grown on me over the last seven and a half weeks. It would be a pleasure having you stay with me. And don’t worry about

Harry. He's eighteen years old, and will probably want to live in his castle."

"Potter has a castle?"

"Yes. He lets the Order of the Phoenix use it as its headquarters. Its name is Domus Corvus Corax."

"I've heard my father mention that. Voldemort never could find it, no matter how hard he looked."

"He wouldn't. It dates back to the early years of Hogwarts, and is even more secure."

"Wow. Must be quite a place."

"It is. But I have some bad memories of that place. I don't want to go there."

"So you really want me to stay?"

"Yes, I do."

Draco grinned widely and impulsively embraced the slight woman. Heather was surprised at first, but quickly wrapped her arms around him and hugged him back. When they pulled apart, Draco went upstairs to his trunk and took out two sheets of parchment and his self inking quill. Taking them downstairs, he handed one to Heather and started writing on the other. When he was finished, he addressed it to the Ministry of Magic and handed the quill to his guardian.

"Didn't you want to send a letter to Evie's great aunt?"

Heather nodded her head in understanding, before taking the quill and quickly writing out a note. When she was done, Draco attached the two letters to the owl's leg and sent it on its way.

When Sunday finally rolled around, Draco was in a terrible mood. He had packed his trunk the night before, ready to go back to Hogwarts. His magic still wasn't back to its normal levels, but it was

strong enough for him to be able to participate in his lessons. He figured it would take about another two weeks for it to come back completely, but the headmaster was expecting him back. He had even received a portkey the day before sent with Potter's snowy owl. It was due to go off at noon, and he was dreading it. He no longer had any pull in the Wizarding world. He was just like everyone else now that he had lost the Malfoy name and titles. He wasn't as poor as the Weasleys, but he had little enough money that he would have to get a real job when he finished school. He also knew he would be given a hard time in Slytherin now that he had refused to join the Death Eaters. It was worth it, though. Evie was his only friend, and he would be leaving her very soon. As he shrunk his trunk and placed it in his pocket, he looked around his room one last time. A single tear rolled down his cheek, but he brushed it away quickly. After all, he would be back again in the Easter holidays. The hardest part would be leaving Heather and Evie though. They were family to him, Heather being like his mother should have been, and Evelyn being the little sister he never had.

With a deep breath, Draco headed down to the living room to wait for his portkey to activate. When he got down there, he saw Heather and Evie standing next to a small pile of brightly wrapped presents. He looked at them in shock. He had never expected anything like this. As he walked over to the pair, Heather wrapped and arm around his waist and gave him a smile.

"Draco, we're going to really miss you. We got you some things to remind you of your time in the Muggle world."

"Thank you," the wizard said, giving Evelyn a big hug. When he let go, he picked up a parcel and started pulling the green and silver wrapping off. He grinned widely when he saw the stuffed Simba toy inside.

"Wow! I love him," he said, smiling genuinely. He dreaded to think what his dorm mates were going to say when they saw a stuffed lion on his bed, but he decided he didn't care. It was perfect, and he loved it. The Lion King had been his favourite film from the first time he saw it, and he thought it was a very appropriate gift. Picking up the other parcels, he unwrapped an array of Muggle books, some

videos, and a shrunken television. Looking at the tiny object, he sent Heather a quizzical look.

“ I thought you might need something to watch your films on. It’s a combined TV/VCR. I enchanted it so it’ll play in Hogwarts, just don’t tell the Misuse of Muggle Artifacts office. You just need to unshrink it when you want to use it.”

“ Thank you so much,” he said, giving them each another hug. Taking out his trunk, he resized it and placed everything inside, before reshrinking it and putting it back in his pocket. When he looked at the clock, he noticed it was five to twelve, and his eyes began to sting. Looking at Heather, he gave her a large hug.

“ Heather, you’re the best. I’ve learned so much from you, and I’ll always be grateful for that. Thank you for taking me in, and for offering me a home. I’ll be forever grateful.”

“ Draco, it’s been a joy having you here. You brought me back in contact with the wizarding world after all of these years. You also helped me get over a lot of the issues I had with the Death Eaters. Knowing that you won’t turn out like your father is a gift I will always cherish.”

When they pulled apart, Draco pulled Evelyn into his arms as well. The small girl began to sob, and he gently rubbed her back.

“ Don’t cry, Evie,” he said, “ I’ll be back before you know it. And just think of all the fun you’ll have at Hogwarts when you’re old enough. I love you, Evie. You’re like my little sister. I’ll miss you.”

“ I’ll miss you too, Draco,” she sniffed, pulling him more tightly against her. Eventually, Draco had to pull back, as the portkey was about to go off. Grabbing the old sock Dumbledore had sent, he waved to his two friends and gave them a genuine smile, before disappearing with a sudden pop.

Heather wrapped her arm around Evelyn’s shoulder, pulling the child towards her.

“ Don’t worry, Evie,” she said, “ He’ll be back.”



## Epilogue – The End of the Affair

Two days after Draco left, there was a knock on Heather's front door. As she wasn't expecting anyone, she made sure her wand was firmly tucked down her sleeve before she answered the door. When she did, she was met by a tall willowy woman with thick grey hair pulled back in an intricate braid, dressed in royal purple wizarding robes. Heather immediately panicked, pulling her wand on the startled woman. The visitor took a step back, and started to reach for her own wand. Before she could do anything, Heather lifted her wand higher and aimed it at the woman's chest.

"Don't even think about it," she said, making the woman freeze immediately, "Who are you, and what are you doing here?"

"I-I'm sorry for startling you," she said, an Irish lilt easily detectable, "But I was invited here. I got a letter telling me my niece was involved in a Death Eater attack."

Heather immediately lowered her wand, and pulled the door open, waving the woman inside. She hesitantly stepped through the door and followed Heather into the living room, where she took the offered seat.

"I'm sorry about that, I'm a little paranoid. I'm supposed to be dead, but if anyone finds out I'm alive, I'll be arrested by the Ministry of Magic. It makes me a little jittery when unknown magical folk turn up on my doorstep. I'm Heather Evans, pleased to meet you," Heather said, holding out her hand, which the woman grasped in a handshake.

"I'm Aveleen MacTavish, Briana McCarthy's aunt. I'm here to see Evelyn."

"Of course, let me get her for you."

Heather stood up and went over to the door, calling for Evie to come downstairs. Ever since Draco had left, the girl had been sitting in his old room, reading some magic books he had given her. When she heard Heather calling for her, she made her way to the living room, where she came face to face with someone she had only seen in pictures. Her mother had told her she had a great aunt, and shown

her pictures, but it wasn't until recently, after her being a witch had been discovered, that her mother had told her everything on one of her hospital visits.

"Great Aunt Aveleen?" she asked, tentatively.

"Hello, Evelyn, it's nice to meet you."

The woman had a kind voice, and smiled warmly at Evie. The little girl smiled back, and launched herself at her long lost relative, giving her a fierce hug, and crying lightly. Aveleen seemed rather surprised, and looked to Heather, who was stood back, smiling.

"Is she always like this?" she asked. A sad look entered Heather's eyes as she shook her head.

"No, just recently. She's had a hard few weeks, what with her mother in hospital, and her father having passed away. It didn't help when her best friend, Draco, went back to Hogwarts on Sunday."

"You had a Hogwarts student here?"

"It's a long story. Draco came here for two months and met Evie. They became the best of friends, and his leaving didn't help her emotional state. I'm trying the best I can, until her mother gets out of hospital, but I thought it would be best if I got in touch with you. After all, you are her family."

"Do you want me to take her away? Do you not wish to look after her?" Aveleen asked.

"No, it's fine, I just thought it would be nice for her to see a member of her family, especially a fellow witch. It's not like I can take her to see any magical places, being a wanted criminal and all."

"About that," Aveleen said, "What exactly are you wanted for?"

"I was a member of the Order of the Phoenix. I was captured by the Death Eaters and placed under the Imperius curse, and forced to be a spy for Voldemort. About twenty years ago, I was rescued from a battle and had the curse broken, thus giving me back my

freedom. The problem was, the Death Eaters thought I was dead, and the Ministry thought I was a Death Eater. I had to disappear.”

“ I think I may have heard about you. They say you are the Phoenixer that turned spy. Heather Evans, sister of Lily Evans-Potter.”

“ One and the same.”

“ Well, who better to look after our Evelyn than Harry Potter’s aunt!” Aveleen said with a smile, a hint of teasing in her voice. Heather instantly relaxed, and grinned back at the woman.

“ So, what’s going to happen to Evelyn?” Heather asked.

“ I think it would be best for her to stay with you until her mother is out of hospital, so she can still visit. If that’s all right with you, of course.”

“ It’s no problem. I like having her here.”

“ Fine, that’s settled, then. When her mother is released from hospital, I’ll take both of them back to my home. I have enough money from my Potions Mistress days to keep us all living quite comfortably. I have a small shop near my house, which I’m sure Briana can help me run. It’s an apothecary, so she won’t have any trouble, being a Muggle and all. It’s also close enough to Hogwarts that Evelyn can visit her friend.”

“ Why, where do you live?” Heather asked, curiously. Aveleen gave her a cheeky smile, making her aged face look years younger.

“ Hogsmeade.”

## Draco Malfoy's Two Months in Muggle Land Timeline

10/09/1995AD Harry and Draco duel. Draco loses his magic and is sent to Heather's house. Heather and Draco meet. Draco is shocked that Heather is alive. She agrees to let him stay. Draco discovers cartoons.

11/09/1995AD Draco wakes up at Heather's. Trip to Canterbury by car.

15/09/1995AD Draco goes to the library for the first time.

19/09/1995AD Draco discovers cooking.

20/09/1995AD Harry and Glen visit Heather – fight with Draco. Harry casts a pain curse on Draco.

21/09/1995AD Draco sees a memory of the Death Eaters and Voldemort in Heather's penseive.

24/09/1995AD Heather offers to help Draco be different from his father.

28/09/1995AD Draco meets Evelyn.

06/10/1995AD Draco finds out Evelyn has a magical great aunt.

07/10/1995AD Draco and the McCarthys go to the Party in the Park. Draco falls out with Heather.

11/10/1995AD Heather makes up with Draco.

14/10/1995AD Heather and Draco go to Paris on the Eurostar.

15/10/1995AD Heather takes Draco sightseeing. Draco find out about the Battle of Paris and the time travellers' capture.

16/10/1995AD Heather and Draco visit the Louvre.

17/10/1995AD Heather takes Draco to Disneyland.

18/10/1995AD Heather and Draco go back to England.

21/10/1995AD Evelyn's family take Draco to the cinema to see Pocahontas. Death Eaters attack Canterbury. Mr. McCarthy dies. Evelyn learns about magic and finds out she is a witch. Draco defies his father. Heather contacts Harry. Order goes to Canterbury.

25/10/1995AD Draco gets up and finds out what happened after the attack.

27/10/1995AD Evie mourns.

28/10/1995AD Evie leaves Draco's room. They visit her mother in hospital.

29/10/1995AD Mr. McCarthy's funeral.

31/10/1995AD Draco is disowned and disinherited.

05/11/1995AD Draco goes back to Hogwarts.